

DOUBLE AUTUMN FASHION NUMBER OF "HOME NOTES" ON SALE NEXT THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6th.

357

SURANCE

CLAIMS

PAID.

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST,
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

WEEKLY

P.W.

COUPON

Sept. 8, 1894.

216.]

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATES.

WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 8, 1894.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

OVER TWELVE MILLION
SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES
HAVE BEEN MADE AND SOLD.

Every Lady should See

SINGER'S
NEW  **MACHINE**

Which not only executes all classes of ordinary sewing, but is also capable of producing most beautiful ART NEEDLEWORK. No special instruction is required to execute a great variety of this Art Work, which is rapidly superseding the old and much slower Hand process, and is sure to prove a source of special attraction in any Family Circle.

10s. to 20s. ALLOWED FOR MACHINES OF ANYBODY'S MAKE TAKEN IN PART EXCHANGE.

THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO.
BRANCH OFFICES EVERYWHERE.

"The Distingue"
WATERPROOF

IS SUITABLE FOR ALL WEATHERS.

In Sunshine it serves as a
Mantle. To Rain or Storm
it offers absolute defiance.

Free from the disagreeable
odour of the ordinary Macin-
tosh. Perfection of Style and
Finish. Charming Patterns.
A PERFECT WATERPROOF MANTLE.

To be had from leading
Drapers, Mantle Houses,
Clothing, &c. Be careful
to ask for "The Distingue."

EVERY WATERPROOF BEARING A
SILK LABEL WITH THE WORDS
"THE DISTINGUE" is guaranteed.

Dealers can obtain their supplies from the principal
Wholesale Warehousemen in the United Kingdom.

For Ladies and Gentlemen.



REED DESIGN.
BERTIN (in his new waterproof): "Why carry an
umbrella, mamma, when you have your Distingue on?"
MAMMA: "Oh, the umbrella is only to protect my
new Hat, my dear."

Mild in operation, and free from all injurious drugs.
NORTON'S
CAMOMILE PILLS
INDIGESTION BILIOUSNESS LIVER COMPLAINTS
SICK HEADACHE DYSPEPSIA A SPLENDID TONIC &
GENTLE APERIENT.
Sold in Bottles, 1/11, 2/6, and 1/1 each, by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.
Ask for "NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS," and do not be persuaded to purchase an imitation.
Prepared by NORTON'S LIMITED, 21, SPITAL SQUARE, LONDON, E.

It is not claimed
that these Pills
will cure all
diseases, but
they have a re-
putation of
NEARLY 100
YEARS for being
WITHOUT an
EQUAL as a
remedy for

A SIGNAL SUCCESS.

"'Tis not in mortals to command success, but we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it."

THE PEARSON POTTERY CO.,
HANLEY.

Are selling fast the most wonderful Package of Crockery in the World.

100 PIECES FOR £1 1s.



A beautiful Dinner Service of 50 pieces is guaranteed Worth
the Guinea alone, consequently a charming China Tea Service and
a useful Collection of Crockery are given FOR NOTHING.
Thousands sold all over the world. Everybody not only satisfied
but amazed at the quantity and quality given.
The Secret of the Success.—The Pearson Pottery Company
are manufacturers, not middlemen like many other advertisers. The
Pearson Potteries have nearly 2,000 ft. frontage to the town of Hanley.
Hundreds of these packages are applied for as Wedding or
Birthday Presents. And what more useful present can be given?
Every item is useful.

The Thirty Shilling Bazaar Parcel is selling well. Apply at once.
Send a Post Card for Particulars. You will never regret it. Freedom from breakage guaranteed.
All letters to the

PEARSON POTTERY COMPANY, HANLEY.

All Communications respecting Advertisements should be sent to the Advertisement Department, 2, RED LION COURT, FLEET ST., LONDON, E.C. General Offices: Henrietta St., W.C.

ANOTHER GREAT SUCCESS

DIRECT FROM THE LARGEST FIRM OF COSTUME MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD AT LESS THAN HALF ORDINARY PRICES.

OVER EIGHT HUNDRED WORKERS EMPLOYED

The most remarkable of all the Costumes that have ever been produced is the one illustrated to the left of this page, and which John Noble, Ltd. now introduce to their clients as being undoubtedly the most popular style of the season, and one that will be generally adopted as

A LADY'S HOLIDAY SUIT 15/-

These Suits are made in the John Noble Cheviot Serge (Regd.) in Navy Blue or Black. Also in fashionable Grey or Drab Homespun Mixtures, each suit consisting of a smart shape open coat or jacket—stylishly cut, beautifully made with two pockets, and finished all round edge of coat with special quality silk cord—together with a bell-shaped costume skirt trimmed to match jacket. A shaped belt from the inside draws the coat in at the back of the waist, and shows itself in front over the blouse or bodice. This is a decided advantage, as it keeps the jacket fitted closely to the figure, whilst still remaining open in front. These two garments, viz.,

JACKET AND SKIRT COMPLETE

form at once a smart, stylish, and yet most useful outfit for wearing with a blouse or cambric shirt, and are offered direct by the sole manufacturer (John Noble, Ltd.) for the amazingly low price of 15/-. Ladies are asked to consider what this means: A really well-made, fashionable outfit that a lady might be pleased to wear, made without the slightest approach to sweating, and yet supplied complete

FOR FIFTEEN SHILLINGS.

This is surely value that will please every purchaser. Every garment is made in the firm's large, airy, and perfectly appointed workrooms, and with confidence be recommended to the notice of every lady in the land.

The Jacket alone is worth more money, and there is not the least room for a doubt that thousands and thousands of Ladies will enjoy their holidays and walking tours the better for the knowledge that their holiday outfit costs so little, and yet looks and wears so well.

When ordering please state measurement across back from shoulder to shoulder, also length from neck to waist at back. Each suit is packed in strong leather board box, and sent carriage paid to any address in the United Kingdom for 9d. extra. The sizes kept in stock will fit any figure up to 36 in. round bust under arms, but larger or special sizes are made to order at a cost of 1/6 extra.

THE HOLIDAY SUIT COMPLETE

Can also be supplied at the same price in the fashionable Navy or Drab Twill Drill, a most durable and satisfactory fabric for summer wear. Price 15/-. Carriage 9d. extra.

THE JOHN NOBLE HALF-GUINEA COSTUMES LATEST IMPROVED SHAPE.

These Costumes are MADE FROM THE JOHN NOBLE CHEVIOT SERGE (Regd.), a fabric of great durability and world-wide fame, and supplied complete, as illustration, for the ridiculously low price of 10/6 each. Packed in stout leather board box and sent carriage paid for 9d. extra.

Colours: Black, Navy, Brown, Myrtle, Reseda, Tan, Ruby, Grey, or Drab. THIS SKETCH illustrates the latest improvements that have been made in the Lady's Half-Guinea Costume, which now consists of extra Wide Bell Skirt and improved Blouse Bodice. The whole Costume is well made and finished, the Bodice being pleated back and front, with full fashionable sleeves, bound seams, and belt attached; the saddle and sleeves are well lined, and it can be worn inside or outside the skirt, which measures 40 ins. long. The lower part of the skirt, and the cuffs, collar, and saddle of bodice are trimmed with rows of narrow Russia braid, the whole thus forming

A LADY'S COMPLETE COSTUME FOR 10/6

These HALF-GUINEA COSTUMES are supplied in the following four fabrics, as sketch on this page, and they are most wonderful value:—IN THE JOHN NOBLE CHEVIOT SERGE. Colours as above-mentioned. Price 10/6 complete. IN BROWN LINEN HOLLAND. A pure linen fabric. Price 10/6 complete. IN THE JOHN NOBLE HABIT CLOTH. A lighter weight fabric than the Serge. Colours as above-mentioned. Price 10/6 complete. AND IN NAVY OR DRAB TWILL DRILL, very fashionable for present wear. Price 10/6 complete. The sizes kept in stock will fit any figure up to 36 ins. round the bust under arms, but larger or special sizes can be made to order at a cost of 1/6 extra. Each Costume packed in stout leather board box and sent carriage paid for 9d. extra.

LADIES' COSTUME SKIRTS

are supplied in the John Noble Cheviot Serge as follows:—Costume Skirts, extra wide Bell shape, untrimmed, price only 5/6; Costume Skirts, extra wide Bell shape, trimmed, broad cross-band of black velvet, price only 7/6; Costume Skirts, extra wide Bell shape, trimmed two rows military braid, price only 8/6. Each Skirt packed in box and sent carriage paid for 6d. extra. Colours: Black, Navy, Brown, Myrtle, Ruby, Reseda, or Tan.

KNOCKABOUT FROCKS FOR GIRLS FROM 1/6 EACH.

are also supplied in the John Noble Cheviot Serge, with saddle top, long full sleeves, belt, and pocket, at the following low prices:—

Lengths	21	24	27	30	33	36	39	42	45 inches.
Price	1/6	2/-	2/6	3/-	3/6	4/-	4/6	5/-	5/6 each.

Or frock will be sent post free to any address for 4d. extra. Every purchaser delighted. The Lengths stated are from top of neckband to bottom of skirt in front. The Knockabout Frocks are also supplied in Brown Linen Holland at the same prices.

THE JOHN NOBLE MODEL COSTUME For Young Misses.

A new style, recently designed by John Noble, Ltd., for present season's wear. The Costume is made in the John Noble Cheviot Serge, and consists of stylish Blouse Bodice and extra wide skirt. The bodice is made with prettily gathered front, full, fashionable sleeves, shaped belt, and fastened up the back. The skirt is made in two sizes—viz., 33 ins. or 36 ins. long, and is trimmed with four rows of narrow black Russia braid; the cuffs, collar, and belt of bodice being trimmed similarly. Colours: Black, Navy, Brown, Myrtle, Ruby, Reseda, or Tan. Price for the complete Costume only 8/9. Packed in box and sent Carriage Paid for 9d. extra. When ordering please state whether skirt is required 33 or 36 inches long.

8/9

GIRLS' REEFER OUTFITS,

As illustration, Model 2. Made in the John Noble Cheviot Serge; colours, Navy Blue and Black only. This style has proved one of the most successful ever introduced for Girls' wear, and consists of a double-breasted Reefer Jacket, very correctly made and finished, with gilt buttons, and lined through with Italian Cloth; also a Costume with full round kilted skirt, the bodice and skirt being prettily trimmed with rows of narrow white Braid. This smart, useful, and decidedly cheap outfit is highly recommended for present wear, as the dress and jacket can be worn together or separately. See sizes and prices as follows:—

Lengths	21	24	27	30	33	36 ins.
Price	6/6	7/6	9/-	10/9	12/6	14/6

Packed in neat Cardboard Box and sent carriage paid for 6d. extra. The lengths stated are from top of neckband to bottom of skirt in front.

GIRLS' VELVET TRIMMED COSTUME.

Made in the John Noble Cheviot Serge, with saddle top, full sleeves, and pocket. The skirt is made in a wide loose-fitting style, and prettily trimmed with a deep crossband of black velvet; the saddle and cuffs are of black velvet, and the pocket is trimmed with the same, the whole thus forming a very graceful little Costume. Colours: Black, Navy, Brown, Myrtle, Ruby, Reseda, or Tan. Sizes and prices as follows:—

Lengths	21	24	27	30	33 ins.
Price	2/9	3/9	4/9	5/9	6/9

Packed in box and sent carriage paid for 6d. extra. The lengths stated are from top of neckband to bottom of skirt in front.



PATTERNS of the materials in which the above Costumes are made, also illustrated "Book of the Serge," and Fashion Sheet of other Costumes for Ladies' and Children's wear, POST FREE to any reader of Pearson's Weekly on application. Cheques and Postal Orders should be crossed "Guthrie, Brooks & Co.," and made payable to John Noble, Ltd., Manchester.

NOBLE'S NOVELTIES IN DRESS FABRICS.

New and exclusive designs, fabrics, and colourings specially produced for wear during the Autumn. Hundreds of address. Every Lady who would dress well at the smallest cost should certainly see these patterns, and, when writing, ask for a Large Box.

JOHN NOBLE, LTD., THE WAREHOUSE, 11, PICCADILLY, **MANCHESTER**

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ENTERED AT
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THE MOTHER-IN-LAW.

SHE was my dream's fulfilment and my joy,
This lovely woman whom you call your wife,
You sported at your play, an idle boy,
When I first felt the stirring of her life
Within my startled being, I was thrilled
With such intensity of love, it filled
The very universe! But words are vain—
No man can comprehend that wild, sweet pain.

You smiled in childhood's slumber while I felt
The agonies of labour; and the nights
I, weeping o'er the little sufferer knelt,
You, wandering on through dreamland's fair delights,
Flung out your lengthening limbs and slept and grew,
While I, awake, saved this dear life for you.

She was my heart's loved idol and my pride:
I taught her all those graces which you praise;
I dreamed of coming years, when at my side,
She should lend lustre to my fading days;
Should cling to me (as she to you clings now),
The young fruit hanging to the withered bough.
But, lo! the blossom was so fair a sight
You plucked it from me—for your own delight.

Well, you are worthy of her—oh, thank God!
And yet I think you do not realise
How burning were the sands o'er which I trod
To bear and rear this woman you so prize.
It was no easy thing to see her go
Even into the arms of one she worshipped so.

How strong, how vast, how awful seems the power
Of this new love which fills a maiden's heart
For one who never bore a single hour
Of pain for her; which tears her life apart
From all its moorings, and controls her more
Than all the ties of years have held before;
Which crowns a stranger with a kingly grace,
And gives the one who bore her—second place.

She loves me still! And yet, were death to say,
"Choose now between them!" you would be her
choice.
God meant it to be so—it is His way—
But can you wonder if, while I rejoice
In her content, this thought hurts like a knife?
No longer necessary to her life!

My pleasure in her joy is bitter-sweet.
Your very goodness sometimes hurts my heart,
Because, for her, life's drama seems complete
Without the mother's oft-repeated part.
Be patient with me! She was mine so long
Who now is yours. One must, indeed, be strong
To meet such loss without the least regret;
And so forgive me if my eyes are wet.

ABATING A NUISANCE.

At a town of Hungary certain ladies not long ago
adopted the habit of taking to the theatre huge plush
bags of loud colours, in which they carried all their mis-
cellaneous belongings—as opera-glasses, gloves, hand-
kerchiefs, smelling-bottles, sweetmeats, etc. These bags
they were accustomed to hang over the ledge of the
dress circle, with a picturesque and not wholly unpleas-
ing effect. The fashion spread among the lower classes,
and soon every servant girl in the street appeared with
a plush bag in her hand. Nobody carries them now.

A short time ago the officers of a regiment quartered
in the town, for several successive nights bought up all
the front seats in the dress circle, and turned up at the
performances, carrying on their arms an ordinary forage
cap, somewhat less than the usual size, which they
slung over the ledge in imitation of the ladies.

The joke created no little amusement, and roars of
laughter shook the house when the officers produced
from their bags opera-glasses, sweets, handkerchiefs,
and here and there a tobacco pouch or a snuffbox. Since
then the plush bags have entirely disappeared from the
horizon.

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TO LADY READERS:—If you find a woman better informed than yourself in household matters, that's because she reads "Home Notes" and
you don't.

SOMEONE SUFFERS.

ROBBERIES are tried and convicted by ballot in some
parts of Japan. Whenever a robbery is committed the
ruler of the hamlet summons the entire male population
and requests them to write on a slip of paper the name
of the person they suspect as having committed the
crime. The one receiving the largest number of votes
is declared duly "elected," and is accordingly hanged.

This system, like all others, has its peculiar advan-
tages. It ensures the punishment of somebody for every
robbery committed, whereas under the system in vogue
in many civilised countries, in nine cases out of ten, no
punishment is inflicted on anybody for the crime, and
justice remains unsatisfied.

A SLAYER OF MICROBES.

THERE are few more beautiful sights in the world than
a winding river shining in the sunlight. But our interest
in such a scene may be greatly heightened by the reflection
that the sunbeams are not merely beautifying the water;
they are engaged in a curious work of the utmost impor-
tance to man's welfare. Scientific investigation has proved
that sunlight possesses a wonderful power to kill injurious
germs in river water.

Where a river is polluted by sewage millions and
billions of dangerous microbes flourish in its water, and
are carried along with it to spread disease and death along
its banks unless their development is arrested. If the
sun does not shine upon such a river it may become a peril
to whole communities. But if the sunlight does reach it
freely the germs are destroyed, and the water is kept com-
paratively free from infection.

Recent experiments in Italy have shown that sunbeams
are able to destroy bacteria in water at a depth of at least
twenty inches beneath the surface. One might almost
liken the rays of light in such a case to javelins and arrows
piercing an enemy, for it has been found that the destruc-
tive action is greatly diminished if only the perpendicular
sunbeams fall upon the water.

The slaughter of the microbes is by far the greatest
when both perpendicular and oblique rays enter the water
uninterrupted. Like a ship in action, the sun is most
powerful when it can rake the enemy with a cross fire.
And it has to shoot its tiny arrows of light a long way—
almost ninety-three million miles! But, fortunately
for us, they get here, and they are effective.

"TALKING BACK" TO AN EMPEROR.

THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY, WILLIAM II., is, as all
the world knows, a very accomplished and very careful
soldier; and he is a veritable terror to the officers who
command at reviews and manoeuvres. He does not spare
his criticisms on such occasions, nor have his officers,
with a single exception, ventured to defend their own
proceedings, and answer his criticisms with objections.
This exception was afforded by the late General Von
Meerscheidt-Hullessem, corps commander of the Prussian
Guard—an officer of great frankness on all occasions,
and also of an excitable temperament.

No manoeuvres were ever held after the young
Emperor came to the throne without something in the
nature of an altercation between the young Kaiser and
the old general. These disputes always ended in the
general offering his resignation on the spot, and the
Emperor refusing to accept it.

On one occasion not very long ago, at a ball in the
evening following a day at the manoeuvres in which the
Emperor and General Von Meerscheidt-Hullessem had
had one of their "scenes," the Emperor came up to
the general, who was in conversation with a group of
young women, and tapping him on the shoulder, said
familiarly:

"Your excellency, you do wrong in remaining un-
married. Why do you not marry one of these young
ladies? When one is married, one is less easily agitated."

The general smiled, but said nothing.
"Well," said the Emperor, "have you no response?"
"Sire," answered the general, "I am too old—too old.
A young wife and a young Emperor, would be quite too
much for me, I fear."

AN INDIAN ON ENGLAND.

BEHVAMJI MALABARI, of India, who visited England a
short time ago, considered the English climate as the
most remarkable thing that came under his notice. He
thinks a race that could conquer such a climate, and carve
the comforts of life out of it, deserves dominion over all
the elements of Nature. He says that it makes one laugh
to hear the English talk of their "fine day."

"One may speak of a fine five minutes, a fine half-hour
or hour—nothing beyond that, so far as I could see.

"The climate of a country reflects itself pretty clearly
in the temper, habits, and general surroundings of the
people. It is mainly the climate, and the peculiar mode
of life which the people have to live in obedience to
climatic influences, that make them so keen about every-
thing."

"The quantity and the manner of their eating puzzled
and sometimes frightened me. Men and women ate freely
at shops, in the streets, train, bus, or railway carriage.
There is an absence of delicacy and deliberation about
their manner at which the grave Oriental may well lift
his eyes.

"In no respect, perhaps, does the average Englishman
show himself so slow of imagination and wanting in taste
as with respect to his daily food. He eats what his father
ate before him. The cook knows nothing of proportion
in seasoning his food, knows little of variety, and has a
rough, slovenly touch. The English are heavy eaters, as a
rule. I have never had a regular dinner with friends while
in England, being unaccustomed both to their hours and
their dishes. But I have had to put in an appearance at
lunch or breakfast to catch a friend about to leave town.

"On one such occasion I saw a couple of poets, philoso-
phers, and fanatics at table, presided over by a young
lady, the daughter of the house. I sat there, wiping my
forehead—they did the eating, I the perspiring—as I saw
slices of beef disappearing, with vegetables, mustard, etc.
I was pressed to join, but managed to make a horrified
protest.

"The host then asked me slyly what I thought of the
food, and their mode of eating. I replied instinctively,
'It is horrible.'

"The reply set the gentlemen roaring, and my hostess
blushing. But I could not help saying what I felt. How
can a little stomach hold such an enormous lunch? The
waste of vitality in their climate, and under their con-
ditions of life, must be enormous; and it has, of course,
to be replaced."

TEACHER (to class in geography): "If I should dig
hole through the earth where would I come out?"
Small Boy: "Out of the hole."

JUSTICE O'HALLORAN: "Have you any children, Mrs.
Kelly?"
Mrs. Kelly: "I hav two living an' wan married."

"You have a bright look, my boy," said the visitor at
the school. "Yes, sir," replied the candid youth;
"that's because I forgot to rinse the soap off my face
this morning."

FATHER McNALLY (with righteous indignation): "For
shame on ye, O'Beary. Ye're half drunk."
O'Beary (apologetically): "I know it, ver worship;
but it's not my fault. Oi've shpint all the money Oi
had."

"Did you pick up in weight by going to the sea-side
last year, Smithlay?"
"I did, indeed, Brownley; gained eight stone."
"Pshaw—impossible!"
"Fact, my dear fellow. Come up to the house, and
I'll introduce you to her. We were married last month."

ONE Sunday, while a Scotch bailie was superintending
the collection plate, an old lady came, and, dropping a
penny in the plate, passed into the church. In a short
time she reappeared, and, lifting her penny out of the
plate, went out. The bailie asked for an explanation of
her "strange conduct." "Oh," says she, "I am in the
wrong kirk."

R

JOSEPH'S SACRIFICE.

He was only a little boy. Only a little boy with golden hair and great blue eyes and white transparent skin, and he looked as if he had walked straight out of one of the great windows in the church and come down to sing with his beautiful voice, which would make the old peasants cry when they listened.

And if anyone had asked him why he was singing you should have seen the flash which would creep into his cheeks. You should have watched him raise himself on his elbow and point out of the open window to the bright sky and the sun which shone winter and summer down on to the sea-ward slope. He would have grown quite excited, his eyes would have sparkled, and he would have answered back:

"I am singing to mother in her house up there, because I am going to see her soon, the good priest tells me."

So Guy's little throat would swell, and the soft sweet voice would ring out, while his thoughts were carried far away from the tiny little bedroom, with the cobwebs which swung drowsily in the corners, and the pale mouse dust which raced about under the bed.

Joseph was standing in the street below. It was not really a street, it was not exactly a flight of steps either, merely a steeply descending path with great bare boulders of rock and rank weeds growing in between. The houses themselves, on either side, with their little green shutters and rough stone decorations, were so close together that when Joseph came home in the evening with his donkey laden with faggots, the walls would sweep the walls on either side, as anyone could see who took the trouble to look.

He was at the door of his cottage now with his arms folded against the door-post, and his head buried in his sleeve, and it appeared as though there to notice they would have seen that his face was bleeding.

Half an hour later he was still standing there. The singing ceased, and a sad little voice was calling, "Father! Father!"

But Joseph did not move, only he shifted once from one leg to the other, and his whole frame shook with a sob. A little girl came running down the path towards him, her hair streaming behind her, her little feet in their wooden shoes pattering like a leader on the cobbles.

"Joseph!" she called; "Joseph!"

But she took no notice until she stood, pulling his sleeve, and quite out of breath with her running.

"Joseph, Father is dead," she panted. "They found him up there in the olive grove behind the Villa Panama."

Joseph's arms fell to his side, and he staggered back against the door-post. His face was gray and ashen, except for the great smudge on his cheek and the jagged wound below the eye.

"Dead! Holy Virgin have mercy on me," he cried. His whole body vibrated; his head wavered. He bent down and caught the little girl by the shoulders, looking at her so dumbly that she was quite frightened and struggled to get away.

"Who found him?"

"Father. And Leo has gone for a gendarme, for they think he was murdered."

Joseph's great heart smote on the little girl's dress. She wriggled out of his reach and ran away crying.

Joseph's heart began to beat furiously. "What shall I do? What shall I do?" he asked himself. His lips were quivering, his legs trembling.

A glass of wine would have given him courage, but the cell was empty. He felt distressed. A bitter taste filled his mouth, and he rolled his tongue round trying to soothe the dryness of his palate. In another moment he felt he would be sick. He was suffocated with fear and that terrible shaking sensation made his whole body jerk with violent spasms.

There was no time to waste, however. The wound on his face would scorch him.

"I was afraid not to think of that before. Dash it," he said to himself. He might protest. But they would not believe he was innocent.

He creased to the back of the house and threw open the little window. The fresh breeze blowing from the east cooled his burning forehead, and he drew a long breath gratefully, and stood still to listen.

Was anyone coming?

He heard footsteps on the stones outside. They came nearer and nearer and then died away. If anyone had come in then he could not have moved.

"Father! Father!"

The voice seemed louder and more imperative. Joseph's eyes filled with tears and he shook his head slowly from side to side.

"Ah, little one, what would your mother say?" he groaned. He longed to go upstairs and say good-bye to his little boy, but a power which seemed irresistible held him back. He dare not trust himself by that bed of sickness.

Mark! what was that? A hand on the door. Someone was knocking.

He vaulted out through the open window, perching in every pose; his heart beating wildly. In another minute he was running with marvellous agility over the rough broken ground behind the house, slipping from shrub to shrub, dodging from tree to tree, and not even daring to look back. Before the sun was set he would be far on his way to the frontier.

Three days had passed. Joseph stood alone on the top of a mountain, looking with eager bloodshot eyes towards the west, where the sun was already disappearing. He stretched out his hands with a pathetic gesture.

"God protect you, little one," he stammered, "God protect you."

For three days he had suffered ceaselessly. He was still in France, still, if the gendarmes had only known it, within twenty miles of his home. Here at least he was safe, on the top of this snow-clad mountain, among the ruins of an

ancient fortress. If needs be, he could defend that narrow slippery path against an army. One rock would dominate a regiment.

The last he had taken with him, however, had disappeared. All day he had eaten nothing; tasted nothing but handfuls of frozen snow; and his mouth and throat were burning. As soon as it was dark he must make his way to the nearest village, and steal what he could not beg.

It was bitterly cold, although the sun was still shining brightly, and a warm haze seemed to be hanging over the country down below. Joseph shivered, and turned back to the dark underground cellar where he had taken refuge. He stumbled along, staggered now and then like a man that is drunk, and bruising himself over the broken masonry which lay scattered about between the crumbling walls and picturesquely shapeless towers which still stood, weather-beaten monuments of Saracenic skill.

His boots were slipping with the snow, and the clothes, which had been warm enough down below, were pierced through and through by the wind which cut across the Alps.

It was warmer down in the cellar, where he had passed the night, and comparatively dry, and here he curled himself up and went to sleep, stupefied with suffering and anguish.

It was already night when he awoke. He sat up listening.

Surely he heard someone calling.

A soft child voice seemed echoing in his ears.

"Father! Father! I want you, father dear."

He rubbed his eyes and went outside.

A terrible stillness brooded over the world. Not a sound of any kind reached his ears. The hum of an insect, or the cry of some night bird would have brought him comfort.

Joseph was alone with Nature in one of her grandest aspects, and he shrank back into the darkness of his cellar, cowed and afraid.

The moon was shining down on the snow-clad mountain till it glinted like polished silver; countless myriads of stars shone in the black canopy above. For miles round he could see the jagged mountain peaks detaching themselves greyly from the sky, here plunged in blackest shadow, there flooded with the soft radiance of the moonlight, and Joseph turned his back upon it hastily and threw himself down in a corner of the cave with the shame and the misery that possessed him.

How long he crouched there he did not know. He tried to sleep, but hunger and thirst were tormenting him; his brain seemed on fire; remorse, keen, bitterest remorse, had taken the place of fear; he was at enmity with God and man, an outcast, a criminal, without home or shelter in the world, without a morsel of bread, without a drop of water.

His despair was dreadful.

And then all of a sudden the words of the kind old priest, who lived in the little village, passed through his mind.

"Three days more—four at the most is the longest we can hope to keep little Guy with us."

Was his darling dying? Perhaps at that moment dead. In the great danger which had threatened his own life, he had forgotten how soon the spirit of that little boy would pass away.

He sprang to his feet suddenly, and straightened himself with a sort of fury.

Was he never to see his child again on earth? Perhaps he had already gone to meet his mother in the fullness of that love which death had been powerless to sever.

He raised his white face and looked about him wildly.

Whatever happened he must go home; whatever risk he ran, he must see those blue eyes once more, and stroke that soft halo of golden curls. If the grave once parted them, who knew that they would ever meet again? It seemed to Joseph, standing there, that he had forfeited his right to see his little one in the great hereafter.

Fear laid a detaining hand upon him, but he shook it off with surprising resolution.

"No, no," he cried, half aloud; "I must go and see him. I must go whatever happens to me."

A great quietness stole over his soul as he crept out into the moonlight and began to climb down the slippery path as fast as the steep descent would allow. He was feeling a different man now that he had made up his mind to risk detection to have a last look at his little boy; perhaps to send a message to that other loved one whose mortal resting-place was marked by a little wooden cross in the great cemetery outside the town.

Joseph was so exhausted with hunger and cold that he could hardly drag himself along.

Nevertheless, he set out resolutely, his eyes set, his head thrown back, one hand tightly closed, the other grasping his stick.

For six hours he toiled along the mountain roads, up and down, up and down, without pausing to take breath. If he once stopped he felt that he never would go on again.

Presently there came the first grey gleam of coming dawn, and once he turned his head and saw a soft pink light creeping over the snow-capped mountains he had left behind.

He passed through the town, pressing close to the shadow of the houses, on and on, until at last he found himself following the winding dusty road which led up to the village where he had been born, and where his fathers had been born. Then he began to imagine there were steps pursuing him, and he broke into a run. It was not the thought of capture which frightened him; it was the dread of being taken away before he could see little Guy again.

The morning light came on dimly at first, and then the sun came up over the mountains, with a sudden rush of gold and pink across the pale blue sky, which made the motionless Mediterranean shine with the glory of a new-born day.

Joseph still ran on. When he perceived the grey roofs of the houses he quickened his steps. He was so eager that his foot hardly seemed to touch the ground.

No one passed him. The village was still asleep. A dog barked as his feet clattered on the cobbles, but no one looked out. He had reached the cottage door, his hand

was on the handle when a tall figure loomed round the corner in a long blue overcoat and scarlet epaulettes.

Chiquet, the gendarme, had seen him.

Joseph stood stock-still for a moment, quite overwhelmed. Then he dashed in and bolted the door behind him. Three steps at a time he bounded up the stairs and threw open the door.

His sister, when she saw who it was, sprang forward with a little cry.

"So you have come back," she said slowly, "you brute."

He regarded her fixedly, trying to read his fate in her angry face. Had he come too late after all?

He tried to push by her, but she stood in the doorway, her arms akimbo, her massive frame immovable.

"So you have returned at last," she repeated.

"Yes, yes. And Guy?"

"You must not go in."

"Must not go in. Why?"

"The little boy is dying. He is already—"

"Father, father, is that you? Oh, father—"

Joseph sprang forward. He threw himself on his knees by the bedside, and covered the white upturned face with kisses.

A faint smile lit up the child's countenance for an instant, and he opened his eyes feebly.

Joseph seized the little outstretched hand. "Poor little Guy," he murmured, tenderly stroking back the hair from the damp feverish forehead. "Poor little Guy."

How thin, how pale, the boy had grown. His cheeks were hollow, his lips were white, his hands bloodless, and great black circles marked his eyes. Half an hour later, and Joseph's sacrifice would have been in vain.

His sister was weeping now. She had crept up behind him and stood looking down pitifully on the child's fading beauty. Instinctively they both felt the hour had come.

"Father."

"Yes, little one," so tenderly.

There was a long pause. The blue eyes were shut again. Presently they opened wildly.

"Father, I am so glad you have come."

The little fingers tightened their grasp; a spasm ran through the tiny body. Joseph rested his head on the edge of the bed sobbing.

He could hear Chiquet battering on the door below, and shouting to be let in. His sister bent down and touched him roughly.

"It's all over," she said. "Come, Joseph, you are making a fool of yourself."

Joseph looked up. If he was quick there was yet time to escape. In another moment the door would be broken down; the whole village would be aroused.

He rose to his feet, wiping his eyes with his sleeve. He kissed his sister on both cheeks and crept towards the door.

There was a stir on the little bed. The blue eyes were opened again. Joseph turned at once, a terrible calmness in his face.

"Go," cried his sister, stamping her foot on the ground quite angrily. "You must not stop. Hark! They are breaking down the door. You can do no good by stopping."

Joseph stood irresolute.

"Father."

The voice was so low this time that he could hardly hear it.

"Yes, darling."

"Are you going away?"

"Yes. For a little time."

The blue eyes fixed themselves on him wonderingly, and then two great tears crept through the long lashes and rolled down the wasted cheeks.

Joseph turned to his sister, his whole frame shaking with sobs.

"Go down, quick," he cried hoarsely. "Pile up the chairs and tables. Anything to gain a minute."

Then he went back once more to the death-bed of his little boy.

"Father, am I dying?"

Joseph nodded his head.

"I am going to mother. The good priest told me so."

"Yes."

Once more the blue eyes closed, and a rare smile lit up the little face.

Presently they opened again.

"I am happy—oh, I am so happy, father."

Joseph laid his hand soothingly on the burning forehead.

"Hush!" he said softly.

"You will come too, soon, won't you?"

Joseph buried his face in the bed-clothes.

"No, little one," he sobbed. "I don't think so. Give my love to mother and say—"

He broke off suddenly. Guy's breathing had stopped. A beautiful smile was lighting up his face. Joseph stooped down and kissed the little forehead. It was quite cold now. Joseph thought he was dead.

He drew himself up miserably and listened. No one had come upstairs yet. His sister was shouting to Chiquet through the door. There was still time to escape. Gently he withdrew his hand from under the little boy's.

"Ah," he thought, "if I had not quarrelled with Francois I might have faced death. Now I am afraid."

Once more the little form on the bed moved. Guy opened his eyes appealingly. After that there was no more thought of going. Joseph knelt down beside the bed again.

Five minutes later Chiquet came up the stairs. He opened the door cautiously. He had prepared himself for a desperate struggle. His shoulders were thrown back, his legs planted firmly, his sword drawn.

"Joseph," he bellowed. "You—"

He stopped suddenly.

His prisoner was still kneeling beside the little bed, his great frame quivering, his head between his hands.

For a long time he stood there irresolute. Joseph's sister crept in on tiptoe and laid her hand on her brother's arm. All the anger had gone out of her face.

"Chiquet is waiting for you," she faltered.

Joseph got up at once, turning his face away because his eyes were red and swollen.

"Come, good Chiquet," he said. "The little boy is dead."

WORKMEN EARNING £70 A WEEK.

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF THE DIAMOND INDUSTRY.

THE recent history of the diamond industry in Amsterdam, bears in one respect a resemblance to that of coal-mining in England some years ago. Twenty years ago any ordinary workman could have become rich without effort; even six or seven years ago a very good wage could be earned; but now ruin is within measurable distance, and hunger stares the workman in the face.

For centuries India was the only country where diamonds were found and "cut." Towards the end of the seventeenth century some rough diamonds were brought by traders to Bruges, and diamond-cutting introduced into that city; there it remained for the greater part of the next century, but was afterwards gradually transferred to Amsterdam, where it was entirely in the hands of the Jews.

The "cutting" was all done in the attics of private houses; the motive power for turning the disc on which the stones were ground was furnished by human beings, and it was not until 1836 that the first small factories were started, and the machines turned by horses. In 1847, steam-power was adopted, and the attic workshops disappeared. At the present time there are in Amsterdam more than fifty factories, with all the latest forms of machinery.

Until 1860 the industry followed a normal course. For sixty years there had been a steady supply of diamonds from Brazil, and a small number from British India, but in the year named, the supply from the latter place ceased, and that from the former began to decrease rapidly. This was disastrous for the trade in Amsterdam, and in the following decade things became much worse owing to the Danish and other wars; most of the workmen were idle for six months out of the twelve, and numbers of them were forced to find a living in other directions. No apprentices or learners could be obtained, and it looked as if the trade had received its death blow.

But in 1871, when work was so scarce that the few still following their trade were nearly starved, the position changed as if by magic; trade revived and reached a degree of prosperity, which can only be compared with what took place in the English coal districts. Diamonds had been discovered in South Africa, but the annual output had never exceeded 80,000 carat prior to 1871. After that date, however, it rose by leaps and bounds, and in a few years had reached 4,000,000 carat. The demand for diamonds increased just as rapidly.

The result was that there soon arose a cry for more workmen; former hands returned to their old trade on the prospect of good wages, but the demand for diamonds was so great that it was impossible to execute all orders. They took advantage of the circumstance, and asked for exorbitant wages, and masters had to submit because the competition for workmen was so keen that the men had it all their own way.

Weekly wages of £45, £50, and £70 (according to the nature of the work) were quite common, yet the men demanded more. The employers therefore induced people to leave other trades, and serve a short apprenticeship to some branch of diamond-cutting, at which, after a few weeks, they were earning wages which they could not hope to obtain in any other trade. Lads, children even, were set to work in the factories.

In course of time the change came. There was less demand for diamonds, there were more than sufficient workers, and wages decreased. Then the output of diamonds from the mines was limited by the company, which has a practical monopoly.

There is scarcely any need to set down what followed; it was a repetition of the events of 1860 to 1870. But the consequences to Amsterdam are serious; trade had in the meantime, been driven to other countries, notably to Germany, and these two circumstances—successful competition and limitation of output from the mines—are ruining the diamond industry, which has hitherto been the support of fully 100,000 people, and upon which, to a very large extent, the prosperity of the Dutch capital depends.

"These is terrible hard times," said meandering Mike. "You bet they is," replied plodding Pete. "A feller can't go nowhere lookin' fur work nowadays without havin' some offered him."

LITTLE ETHEL: "Mamma, what does it rain for?"
Mrs. de Homely: "To make the trees and grass and everything grow pretty."
Little Ethel: "Then why doesn't it rain on papa?"

THREE MORE BURGLARY INSURANCE CLAIMS PAID.

Total Number of these Claims Paid—13.
Total Amount Insured—£260.

THE claims sent in by MESSRS. W. MACKIE, 489, Cathcart Road, Glasgow; W. A. RICHARDSON, 130, Minet Avenue, Harlesden; R. L. JEFFERY, 15, Fernor Road, Stanstead Road, Forest Hill, S.E., under our new system of Burglary and Housebreaking Insurance, have been satisfactorily settled by the Ocean Company.

I suppose cricket and football are our national games, but our readers could evidently hold their own in "Blind man's buff." I am judging by the F. A. F. receipts. They show innumerable instances of "a fellow feeling for a fellow-creature!"

SUGAR AND MUSCLE.

THE fact that sugar is sweet is not its only recommendation as an article of diet. Recent scientific investigation has tended to increase our respect for it as an important factor in the development and nourishment of bodily strength and activity. Indeed, Doctor Vaughan Hardy has lately reported to the Royal Society in London the results of experiments which have led him to the belief that sugar is "the principal factor in the production of muscular energy."

He finds that sugar not only increases the amount of muscular work that can be done, but also postpones the effects of fatigue.

When two hundred and fifty grammes of sugar were added to the meals consumed during a day, the work accomplished in eight hours was increased between twenty-two and thirty-six per cent.

It should not be forgotten, however, that these experiments tell us nothing of the other effects of sugar, and therefore they cannot be quoted as scientific authority to over-indulgence in the use of sweets. Use without abuse will always remain the great law of health.

WHAT SHOW DOES HE RUN?

IN many of the towns in the United States on the 4th of July, the patriotic shopkeepers are rather fond of displaying large portraits of George Washington in their windows. In one of the towns so ornamented was a man who had made his living as a kind of advertising agent and bill distributor to the shows that visited X—. This bill man had a monopoly of X—. So Harry Lyons, when he was agent for Blondin, went to this man and explained that he was going to show Blondin in X—, and, of course, wanted him properly billed.

"Blondin—Blondin?" said the bill man, whose principle was by affecting an ignorance of him to get higher terms. "Never heard of him. What is he?"

Harry was a little staggered, but determined to get even with the bill man as soon as the opportunity offered. For the present he merely gave the information.

"Blondin is the world-renowned rope-walker. The hero of Niagara."

"Oh—ah!" said the bill man. "I think I have heard of the name somewhere before. Well, what do you want?"

"In the first place," replied Lyons, "I want to get his portrait in the shop windows."

"Can't do it," said the bill man, pursuing his plan of making difficulties that could be got rid of, at a price. "Shopkeepers object to them; they hide their goods from the public gaze."

This was Harry Lyon's opportunity, and he determined to seize it.

"Can't be done?" he said. "Nonsense. Why I saw portraits in all the windows of George Washington. Now what sort of a show does he run?"

"Great Caesar!" gasped the bill man. "Do you mean to say you haven't heard of George Washington, the Father of this country?"

"Never," said the other, with an unmoved countenance. "Is he in the nigger minstrel or circus business? Whichever he is, I'll back Blondin to draw more money than he will, any day."

"George Washington," cried the other, when he recovered his breath, "is the man who couldn't tell a lie." "Then," rejoined Harry, "he's precious new at the show business."

The bill man gave in, and they came to terms.

LITTLE DOT: "Why do you pray so loud for things you want? God isn't deaf."
LITTLE DICK: "No; but grandpa is."

RECENTLY a letter of introduction was handed by an actor to a manager, which described the presenter as an actor of much merit, and concluded: "He plays Virgil, Richelieu, Hamlet, Shylock, and Billiards. He plays billiards the best."

A LIGHT DIET.—Mr. Backbay: "And these are the Esquimaux. Their country is so cold that it is said they will eat candles in order to keep themselves warm." Emerson Backbay (astonished): "Father, what do they eat to ignite them with?"

It soe fell out one autumn daye
I saw a pretty maide,
Who gathered something by the waye,
And unto her I saide:

"Ah! maiden faire, soe verie faire,
Of other maides beyond compare,
In truth. I love thee passing well,
And this to thee I come to tell."

How blushed she then, the pretty maide!
And I to change the subject saide:
"What gatherest thou, sweet maiden brave?"
"Chestnuts," she saide, and that was all she'd saye,
So I rode on.

A CAVERN CONCERT.

A CORRESPONDENT sends an interesting account of a concert which was recently given in the Banqueting Hall—a vast cave at St. Columb Porth, near Newquay, county Cornwall, by an enterprising party of amateur musicians.

The piano was let down by stout ropes over the cliff, and the audience, which numbered 400, were requested to bring their camp-stools. This they did. If the tide had chanced to come up before they had finished, there was just the possibility that they would want something to float home on.

A cavern which is filled with water at high tide is not the sort of place that everyone would think of for an afternoon party. It was the work of a genius. A contemporary has been bravely discussing How to Get Rid of Boredom. A more refined way than this would be difficult to imagine. There are further possibilities beyond mere extermination, however. Amphibious garden parties, one may confidently assume, will be all the rage before long.

MRS. ASTERISK,

AT HOME

ON WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 13TH.

Croquet a Swim home afterwards. Bathing Dresses.

It would be difficult to resist an invitation of this kind. The novelty alone would be sufficient to secure success. But economy would also come into the question. In the first place, bathing costumes are cheaper than frock-coats and smart dresses. They also do not get spoilt by the rain. Beyond this, however, the enterprising hostess would have a copy of the Royal Humane Society's notice board hung up in a conspicuous place.

"It is not advisable to bathe within two hours of a meal." By asking her guests at four, and arranging for high tide at six, bread and butter and cakes could be held over indefinitely.

The concert seems to have been a tremendous success. The singers were supported by the piano, which was none the worse for coming down in the world, violins, flutes, and a banjo. Time, or rather tide, would not permit of encores, but the echo of the applause which rolled round and round the cave, and was thrown back from wall to wall, from floor to roof, made up for this, and spoke of the appreciation of the audience.

The cavern, which by the way is 200 feet in length, and sixty feet in breadth, was lit up by candles.

"THE OUTLAWS OF THE AIR."

A NEW story by George Griffith will commence under the above title in the number of *Short Stories* published on Tuesday, September 4th. Like *THE ANGEL OF THE REVOLUTION* and *THE SYREN OF THE SKIES*, which have met with so much favour from the readers of *P.W.*, *THE OUTLAWS OF THE AIR* will have for its motif the solution of the problem of aerial navigation, and will narrate a series of adventures on land and sea, and in the clouds, such as have seldom, if ever, been brought together within the limits of a single story.

At the same time *THE OUTLAWS OF THE AIR* will not be merely a story of adventure. It will deal with some of the most serious and pressing problems which confront the society of the present day, and more especially will it be concerned with the possible, and even probable, evolution of those Ishmaels of the Nineteenth Century, the desperate and death-defying Anarchists to whom science has already given the means of committing crimes which—as the assassination of President Carnot showed—strike down the Head of a State as easily as the traveller who is waylaid and murdered for his purse by the wayside.

What would these desperadoes do if, in addition to the knife and the infernal machine, they possessed ocean cruisers of unapproachable speed, and air-ships which would—to use the phrase of one of the principal characters in *THE OUTLAWS*—"carry the Red Flag through the clouds, and terrorise the whole earth from pole to pole?"

That is the question which George Griffith asks and answers in the course of this romance, and, in doing so, he will take the reader who accompanies him from the depths of the sea to the heights of the air, from the slums of London and the palaces of Paris to the uplands of the Pyrenees and the island paradises of the South Pacific, through scenes of love and war, of personal heroism and ruthless outrage, to a climax of which it would not be fair, either to author or reader, to say more than that it will not be found wanting either in vividness of detail or in wealth of dramatic effect, even by those who have followed the Terrorists through the colossal strife of Armageddon, or the Aerians through the stupendous tragedy with which *THE SYREN OF THE SKIES* closes.

THE OUTLAWS OF THE AIR will, of course, like the other stories that will appear with it, be lavishly illustrated, so that those who are following the varying fortunes of its characters will be able to become acquainted with them by sight as well as in spirit, and to watch them in the midst of the thrilling scenes into which their adventures will carry them.

["Short Stories." Published Tuesday, Sept. 1 One Penny.]

QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING.

REPLIES.

2105. How many Times During the Last Two Thousand Years has Britain been Invaded by Foes from Over the Sea?

In all, counting hostile expeditions into British waters, about forty-eight times—i.e., by Julius Caesar, 55 and 54 B.C.; by the Romans, under Aulus Plautus, A.D. 43; Saxons, under Ella, 442; Jutes, under Hengist and Horsa, 449; Saxons, under Ella, 479; Engles (Englishmen), 480; Gewissas (West Saxons), 514; Danes, who commenced their thirteen invasions in 783, and began their "political conquest" 980; by Swegen—first invasion—980; by the Norwegians and Swedes combined, 981; by Swegen and Olaf, 984; by the Danes, in company with Fella, 1001; by Swegen, 1003 and 1006; Turkill's (Danish) fleet, 1009; Swegen—last invasion—1013; Oluf, 1015; the Normans, under Edward, 1036; Lothen and Telling, Scandinavians, 1048; William the Conqueror, 1066; the Danes again, 1074; Robert of Normandy, 1103; Henry of Anjou (afterwards Henry II.), 1153; Prince Louis of France, 1215; Isabel and Mortimer, with foreign aid, 1296; Edward IV., aided by the Duke of Burgundy, 1471; Margaret, with help from France, 1471; Richmond, with French forces, 1485; Simnel, aided by German, 1487; the Dutch, defeated off Kewston, 1666; ditto, defeated in the Medway, 1667; William of Orange, 1688; the French, victorious off Beachy Head, 1692, and repulsed from Wales, 1795. In addition to the above the Danes also invaded Scotland and Ireland, 793-4, took Dublin and Fingall, etc., 793, and again invaded that country, which was also invaded by Spaniards and Italians, 1590; by James II., with French aid, 1689; by Thurot, with French aid, 1760, and by the French, 1788, whilst the Island of Jersey was invaded by them in 1781.

2107. Which of the World's Great Admirals has Proved to be the most Successful Tactician?

Admiral Nelson. He possessed the eagle eye which at once discerns the fitting movement and the capacity for skillful combination, which brings every power at his disposal simultaneously and decisively into action. Daring, originality, and a genius too great to be fettered by rules impelled him in emergencies to occasionally disregard the orders of his superiors, and the rules of the service, as at Copenhagen and St. Vincent, where, at critical moments, he consulted his own inspiration and secured splendid victories by acting entirely on his own initiative. It was the conspicuous and repeated successes achieved at such crises that lifted him above heroes like Howe, Jervis, Rodney, and Hood, and revealed his pre-eminence. His courage and audacity were not of the order that could see no danger, but, seeing it far more clearly than ordinary mortals, he also saw how most effectively to meet and counteract it by some bold stroke promptly executed. The signal victories he achieved against overwhelming numbers, or with inferior ships, by sheer tactical manœuvring, placed the English Navy in complete ascendancy, and the hero of Trafalgar stands in an unrivalled position at the head of the world's successful naval tacticians.

2108. Which is the most Rapidly Fatal Disease Known to Medical Science?

Asiatic cholera, otherwise called epidemic, algide, or malignant cholera, is the most rapidly fatal disease which may attack a healthy person, the duration of the disease being in some cases only two hours from commencement to fatal issue. The most rapidly fatal cases are those which occur at the commencement of an epidemic, the violence of the disease appearing to decline the longer the epidemic lasts. No other disease can compare with cholera in the rapidity of its course. There are several diseases which cause sudden death, the presence of which neither the patient nor his friends

have ever suspected. Under this head may be mentioned some forms of heart disease, aneurisms or dilated blood-vessels. These cannot be strictly called rapidly fatal diseases, as the organs implicated have, as a rule, been diseased for some time, and give way often during a fit of excitement or while using undue physical exertion. Other diseases are often rapidly fatal, though not necessarily so. Pneumonia sometimes kills the patient in three days, so does cerebro spinal meningitis, which is an inflammation of the coverings of the brain and spinal cord.

2110. Which of the World's Great Scholars has Gained his Knowledge Under the Greatest Difficulties?

The honour would seem to be about equally divided between an American and an Englishman, Benjamin Franklin and Dr. Kitto, the Biblical scholar. Both had to struggle against extreme poverty and the disadvantages of birth, both began life in the humblest capacities, and both triumphed over their difficulties by the same perseverance and single-hearted love of knowledge. Franklin laid the foundations of his scholarship by denying himself food to buy books and borrow them from libraries. Kitto was a workhouse lad, apprenticed for a short time to a drunken and brutal shoemaker. Curiously enough both really began life as printers' boys. Franklin as "Poor Richard," and as the discoverer of the identity between electricity and lightning, won world-wide fame. Kitto gained a knowledge of Oriental life and Biblical topography which made his Pictorial Bible and his Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature by far the most popular works of their kind. In this connection, too, the great attainments of the late Professor Fawcett, gained in spite of the terrible difficulty of failing sight which at last faded into blindness, are also certainly worthy of mention.

2111. Which was the First Country to fill its Government Posts by Competitive Examination?

China. The State records—the preservation of which in China is jealously carried out as a most important duty—show that entry into the public service has been by competitive examination for considerably over two thousand years. The system of competition is, as it has been throughout, thoroughly strict, and, as far as knowledge of the points at issue is concerned, is effective; yet no country is so badly governed as China. The "cramming" incidental to the system no doubt turns out a vast army of specialists, unrivalled, at the time of examination, for theoretical knowledge of various essential things; but it utterly fails in producing a body of men fit to manage the affairs of a parish, much less the immense tracts into which the civil jurisdiction is divided. Corruption in the grossest forms, incompetence most glaring, and superstition alike revolting and—to our thinking—non-sensical, are rampant, and say very little for the system of appointment.

2112. Why does Oil Spread on Water?

A series of experiments on this subject has demonstrated that oil does not spread upon water merely because it is lighter, as nearly everyone believes. The tendency of oil to spread is due to the presence of free oleic acid, the function of which seems to be to reduce the surface-tension of the two liquids. If Provence oil be shaken up two or three times in alcohol the oleic acid is dissolved out of it, and if this purified oil be dropped on water it will not spread, but only contract itself in a single globule in the middle of the surface on which it is dropped.

2113. Is there a Blue Food?

We have in this country various kinds of berries, and among them certain blue ones, which are of a sour taste, mixed with a sweet flavour; but they are food rather for birds and other creatures than for human beings. The blue succory, sometimes called chicory, or blue endive (*Cichorium intybus*), grows alike in cornfields and hedges, not only in England, but very generally on the Continent. The Germans had an old name for it, which signified "keeper of the ways." It has large flowers, the size of half-a-crown, pale blue, and composed of rays, so that it may truly be called star-shaped. This endive, wherever found, is a common herb salad.

2114. Why is no Tree Trunk Quite Round?

A tree may be said to be built by its leaves. Each leaf is connected with the ground, through the trunk and roots, by a tiny fibre, which it sends down to join with its fellows in drawing up nourishment from the soil; and it is the aggregation of these fibres that forms the "grain" of the wood. Where two branches meet the even course of the fibres is interfered with, and the wood rises in a sort of wave at the hollow of the fork in consequence, but after that the threads pursue their way as straight as possible to the root. For this reason the bulk of a trunk or main branch that parts in two is equal to the combined bulk of the two branches above the fork, it being composed of the same number of fibres as both branches together. On whatever side of the tree most branches, or largest, grow, bearing the greatest number of leaves, there most fibres come down, and there the contour of the trunk is proportionately developed. This may be encouraged by various causes, such as the absence of obstruction by walls or by other trees, or of destruction by breaking or lopping, and notably by the influence of the sun's rays, the largest branches being always found (in our hemisphere) on the south side. And thus the cross section of the trunk, showing a distinct ring-layer of each year's fibres, is never exactly circular in its contour.

2115. Which is the Longest Range Rifle now in Use?

Probably the Craig-Jorgensen rifle, which has been adopted for use in the United States Army. It is a breech-loading magazine rifle, carrying five cartridges. The initial velocity is over two thousand feet a second, the bullets are nickel-covered, and they will kill at a range of two miles, or over 3,500 yards. The cartridges are so small that a soldier can take 175 to 200 rounds of ammunition into action with him. Its effective range is claimed to be from 200 to 400 yards greater than that of the most effective rifles used in Europe.

2116. How many Species of Birds can rise Vertically from the Ground?

So far as has been observed, only the order of *Raptore*, which includes the familiarly-named "birds of prey," such as the eagle, hawk, falcon, vulture, and owl. The direct upward ascent, however, is really vertical sailing. They turn themselves against the wind, tilt the body a little forward and upwards, and work their tail in opposition to the pressure of the wind; in fact, their tails are third, or auxiliary wings. While the side wings appear motionless, a column of air is constantly rushing underneath them, and bearing the bird's body up, and the perfect facility of adjustment given by long practice enables them to so regulate their expenditure of muscular power as to just counteract the force of the wind, and so rise vertically upon it.

2118. Is it True that there are National Preferences for Different Forms of Suicide?

Yes. Dr. P. Moreau, of Tours, has lately given some curious information as to suicides and the different forms the mania takes in various countries. In Europe generally strangulation seems to have the greatest fascination for the unfortunate people who consider life as not worth living; next comes suicide by drowning, and then by shooting. It appears that there is a stronger propensity amongst the French and Italians than amongst the inhabitants of any other country to throw themselves from a height. Poisoning is of most frequent occurrence in this country, more especially in Ireland, being rare in other countries, with the exception of Italy; and France is distinguished by the exceptional number of deaths from asphyxiation, caused by the fumes arising from coke. In Germany and Bavaria hanging much predominates. It is the same in Russia. Poisoning increases sensibly in Saxony, Russia, North America, and somewhat in Italy, whilst it decreases in Denmark and France in proportion to the increase of hanging. Speaking generally, men appear to hang themselves and cut their throats oftener than women, who prefer poisoning, asphyxiation, and throwing themselves from a height.

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive replies to any of the questions asked here from our readers. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay for all matter printed at our ordinary rate of two guineas a column. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries. Envelopes should be marked "Replies," in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Tuesday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

QUESTIONS.

2141. Which herb is most widely used in medicine?
2142 (Re Reply 2024). Which is the most highly-paid sinecure office in this country?
2143. Which English newspaper has the largest foreign circulation?
2144. Which is the most rational style of dress ever worn by civilized people?
2145. Which conquering nation has treated those subjected to it most harshly?
2146. Which of the geniuses of the world has displayed the greatest versatility in accomplishments?
2147. Has an island ever been formed by human agency?
2148. Is suicide legalised in any civilized country?
2149. Which was the most widely-used vegetable in Britain before the introduction of the potato?
2150. In which civilized country is the law administered with the greatest laxity?

A Beep for Professional and Mercantile Men not Provided for by a Life Insurance Policy:

INSURANCE AGAINST SICKNESS.

Readers of *Pearson's Weekly* will be interested to learn that the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation, Limited, are now transacting the above class of business.

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RICHARD J. FAULL, General Manager.

LATEST BULLETIN.—"P.W." contracted most alarming symptoms. To wit—a "high and rapidly-rising circulation," with "no prospect of abatement."

COURTING AT THE GATE.

THERE are different ways of courting,
But I think that of them all
There is none more to my liking
Than the one I now recall
With such thorough satisfaction.
All my richest blessings date
From one summer evening, when I
First tried courting at the gate.

We were standing where the shadows
And the moon played hide-and-seek;
I forgot that I was bashful,
And had just commenced to speak;
When she asked this pointed question—
What on earth could actuate
Me to put my arm about her,
Standing there, beside the gate?

Then I told her that I loved her,
And began a lover's plea,
That was filled with airy nothings,
Though it meant the world to me.
While the statements I've forgotten,
I believe I truly state
They were time-worn on Parnassus
Long before there was a gate.

While at first she was not willing
To accept my tale as true,
In the end she did exactly
What our sweethearts always do.
I can't tell you how it happened,
But that night I got home late,
And I had both arms about her
While we stood beside the gate.

I am not devoid of courage,
Though I hold it to be true
That we never should be reckless
When a danger comes in view.
But I'm now of the opinion
That I could have challenged Fate
As I had my arms about her,
And we stood beside the gate.

The events I've been relating
Happened years ago, when strong
Were the pulses, and when fancy
Filled the morning with a song.
But my choice of all the women
In the world, I want to state,
Is the one my arms enfolded
As we stood beside the gate.

She's as loving now as ever,
And her hair is not so white
That it does not show in places
What its colour was that night.
As she reads these lines she whispers:
"Don't you think you'd better wait
With your tale until our children
Have done courting at the gate?"

ANOTHER VIEW OF DARWINISM.

A SCOTSMAN was blowing the trumpet, or bagpipe, for his native land, asserting that the inhabitants thereof were immeasurably superior to Englishmen, when a disgusted South countryman broke in with:

"Look here, there's no use in you Scotsmen trying to make yourselves out so much cleverer than Englishmen, for, if Darwin is correct, both have descended from monkeys."

Mac replied: "That's where you're wrong. Englishmen have descended from monkeys right enough, but Scotsmen have ascended from monkeys."

A SIMPLE CONJURING TRICK.

A SIMPLE trick, which generally proves very effective with the uninitiated, may be performed by anyone with a few pennies and a hat. The conjuror throws four or five pennies into a hat, shakes them up, and asks somebody to pick one of them out, mark it, and replace it in the hat, which he asks may be shaken before returning to him.

Then, after a few mysterious passes, he picks out the marked coin by just looking in the hat.

This trick, which appears so wonderful at first sight, has the primal virtue of simplicity in a large measure. The explanation is that the coin while being held in the hand during marking, becomes so warm as to be readily distinguishable from the rest.

If the person asked to mark the coin places it on a table or other support during the operation, the performer might be baffled, but he could overcome this by asking that it should be marked by two or more persons, giving as his reason, of course, that he wishes to prevent the possibility of mistake. The coin will then acquire the necessary warmth during the passing, or one of the other persons selected may hold it in his hand while marking.

USEFUL CRACKERS.

IN 1859 I was in south-western Kansas with a surveying party. I had been sent back to our supply station, some thirty miles distant, and was returning with two well-laden pack-mules and a young half-breed Indian boy, when a band of roving Apaches swooped down upon me.

There were a dozen in the party, but, knowing that surrender meant certain death, I prepared to make such defence as I could. Right in front of me were two large cottonwood-trees.

I had a fine rifle and a large fowling-piece, and I put a charge of buckshot in each barrel of the fowling-piece, and reserved it for the rush. The bucks, well mounted and armed, began circling round me, shielding themselves behind their horses and firing rapidly.

My first and second shots were fortunate, and the survivors retired to a safe distance and held a pow-wow. I felt sure that they would make a rush, and that if they did they would get me. Something must be done.

In the packs were a dozen bunches of fire-crackers. I cut the fuses short, and lit a fire with twigs and dry grass.

The rush came. I led with my rifle, and threw the crackers into the fire. Then I fired both barrels of buckshot into the Apaches, and the crackers set up a roar like a platoon of musketry. The Indians were astounded, and, dividing to right and left, went by me like the wind, and right away.

MUST THE MOUSTACHE GO?

NOWADAYS, it is the moustache that is the chief centre of attention and attraction! A certain portion of the fair sex, however, are now demanding to know why men should wear moustaches at all. Hitherto, of course, the lords of creation have cherished the fond belief that their sweethearts, their girl cousins, and even their aunts, rather gloried in the upper-lip adornment; but they are gradually being undeceived, and by-and-bye we shall perhaps hear the Beatrices exclaiming to their Leonatos, in the words of Shakespeare, "Lord, I could not endure a husband with a moustache; I had rather lie in the woollen."

Well, it must be admitted that the girls who demand the enforcement of their "rights" by the use of the razor on the upper lip have some reason on their side. Men, to be sure, if regard be had to rational principles, have no more cause to shave any part of their faces than they have to shave their heads; and, as a matter of fact, the two practices at one time accompanied each other in logical consistency or absurdity.

Again, look at the marked love of the ladies for the clean-shaven, high-church curate, and you have another argument for the removal of the moustache. Curates probably do not osculate much, and therefore the regard of the sex cannot arise from an immunity from the inconvenience of "check scratchers."

Whence, then, does it arise? Has it not its reason in the fact that the clean shave gives a certain dignity—that it reveals the outline of the mouth, and brings out the whole face in bolder relief? We can understand it perfectly if it be really true, as a lady said lately, that "Women want in men a smooth, clear-cut face, not with a great bunch of hair stuck under the nose."

GROCER: "What are you grumbling about? d'ye want the earth?"

Customer: "No, not in the sugar."

EDITH: "Are you always able to tell the pure linen handkerchiefs from those that are part linen?"

Kate: "Yes, easy enough."

Edith: "How?"

Kate: "My washerwoman always keeps the former."

MR. ISAACS: "Now, Esau, I haf made my will, and left everything I have to you."

Esau: "Yes, vader!"

Mr. Isaacs: "Yes; and, as you get all the benefits, I'll keep the cost of making the will out of your next week's salary."

"WILLIE," said the young mother to her abject slave, "you must go to work and grow a beard at once."

"What for?" asked the bewildered husband.

"To amuse baby. His grandpa was here this afternoon, and it would have done your heart good to see how the little darling did enjoy pulling the old man's whiskers. He pulled some of them clean out."

A FAMOUS actress was playing some time ago as Miami in "The Green Bushes," and towards the end of the play was supposed to commit suicide by jumping into the river. When, however, she reached the usual eminence of rock, she found to her dismay that no mattress had been placed in the "river" for her to jump on, so down she came on the bare boards with a heavy thud. Her confusion was intense, but it was increased tenfold when a voice from the gallery sang out in a rich brogue, "Och, be jabers, the water's frozen!"

RAG ROGUES.

THE TRICKS OF THE TRADE.

"It would astonish you to know how some of the largest firms of garment makers in the kingdom are swindled out of thousands of pounds every year by fraudulent rag collectors," said the chief of a big firm of rag and cutting merchants the other day to a member of our staff.

"You hear cries from every side bewailing the fact that foreigners are beating us in most lines of business; and, so far as the clothing trade is concerned, I attribute the success of continental manufacturers in a great measure to the enormous amount of care they exercise in disposing of their waste material."

"In England, the job of looking after the rag-man is given over to a porter, or some such irresponsible person, whom the swindling collector bribes; while, on the continent, notably in Germany, the heads of the firms themselves superintend the weighing up of the waste material."

"Say, for the sake of argument, that an English merchant has a quantity of cuttings to dispose of. One man will offer him 10s. a hundredweight for it, another, perhaps 12s., and another 14s. He naturally accepts the highest figure."

"The man, by the use of his own steelyards, makes out that the cuttings weigh four tons, and pays for them at the rate of £14 a ton, tendering in all £56. The merchant hasn't, himself, the slightest idea what the weight of the stuff really is, and trusts entirely to his servants."

"Then the collector goes direct to the big rag dealer, without any expenses of unloading or storing, and sells it again at 8s. a hundredweight, which is the best price he can get for it. When weighed again by the use of honest machines, the stuff pans out at eight tons, for which he receives £64, in this way reaping £8 profit at one stroke."

"The ruses he employs are most generally connected with the scales. Perhaps he will take with him two machines, one honest and the other faked. He will set up the honest one, leave the room to allow anyone belonging to the firm to test it, come back after a while, and start weighing. There will be an unaccountable accident, and the machine has to be tinkered up, during which process the faked machine is substituted, and the weighing resumed."

"Before the last few sacks are put on, the genuine machine is put up again, and the swindler clears out with his men for a time, leaving the room empty, so that anyone who is suspicious can test it."

"If he is stopped in the middle of the weighing, the rogue first of all expresses astonishment, and then begins blackguarding one of his men for having brought along the steelyard 'that was broke yesterday,' giving him the sack on the spot."

"Again, sometimes a few lightly packed bags are weighed, and the remainder heavily filled, and while these latter are being carried out, the light ones are weighed over and over again."

"For sweepings a man will pay 2s. 6d. a hundred-weight, although they are only worth 6d., and he will fill up a bag with cuttings valued at, say, 10s. a hundred-weight, cover the top and fill up the holes with sweepings, and pay for them as if they were sweepings."

"If, as it sometimes happens, the chief of a firm insists upon sacks being weighed over again after they have been placed on the cart ready for taking away, the porter gets his hand tickled with a piece of gold, takes down the correct figures on a slip of paper, and then, when the man is safely off, copies out a fresh list, making the total tally with the amount for which the thief has paid."

"The loss to a firm through this systematic swindling, in many cases is tremendous. You see, if a house disposes of five tons of cuttings a month, and gets defrauded out of 8s. a hundredweight, this runs up to nearly £500 a year, which amount they have lost simply on account of their own folly."

"When a merchant has a quantity of material to sell, his only safe plan is to weigh it up, put it into sacks, and then ask a price for the lot. In this way he would increase his turnover, and so, in an indirect manner, be better able to compete with his more alert and keener sighted continental emulators."

It is related that a man once had to break the news to a woman that her husband had been killed.

"Do you know," he said, calling at her house, "that with your light hair and pretty complexion you would break every heart in town if you dressed as a widow?"

She blushed and laughed.

"And you are one," he added, "Your husband was just blown to atoms down in the boiler works. But, then, black is so becoming to you."

ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS.—"John," said a loving wife, "I wish you would sing two or three lines of a song for me."

"What on earth do you want me to do that for?"

"There is something I want you to bring home, and I've forgotten what it is, but I think I'll remember it if you sing."

The good-natured husband complied, and the charming wife said:

"I remember now. It's a file I want."

NEW AND STRANGE.

The current necessary to produce the incandescent light in the ball-room can be utilised now as the motive power for driving a number of little fans that surmount the lamp, producing a cooling breeze just where it is most wanted.

The chance of the patterns on the finger tips of two persons being identical has always been known to be very remote, and recent investigations and figurings have disclosed the startling fact that this chance is less than one in 61,000,000,000.

A "DAMP-DETECTOR" is the latest invention for travellers. It is a silver trinket, not unlike a compass in appearance. At the back are small holes in the silver, through which the damp passes and moves a needle until it points to the word "damp." By the aid of this unaided device can be detected.

The "Thermogen" is the name of an arrangement for heating a quilt or pillow by electricity. The framework is a coil of wire consisting of an alloy of known electrical resistance, bent into the shape of a gridiron, and this is covered with some non-conducting material, the whole being embedded in cotton wool with a silk covering.

One of the finest sterilisers of dirty water is now found to be soap—anyone's soap. It appears that for many a long day after the cholera epidemic of last year, the people of Hamburg were afraid to bathe themselves with Elbe water, until it was shown by analysis that the mere application of soap to the skin with a sponge murdered the cholera bacilli in ten minutes.

German flat-bottom-boatmen have in several instances so far adopted Western ideas of river navigation as to relinquish their hold on the ancient method of rowing or punting, and have taken kindly to freight boats propelled by steam wheels actuated by treadles like those of a bicycle. In this direction, therefore, the John Chinaman barge is very much in front of his British contemporary.

It is a good idea in theory, and I see no reason why it should not be the same in practice. It is an automatic brake for carts and things, two-wheeled or otherwise. The brake blocks are connected by levers and rods to the harness of the horse in such a way that when he attempts to stop or to back in going down hill, the brake is applied. In moving forward again, he pulls off the brake.

On all sufferings through cold, next to actually trying a frozen nose is the most painful. Happily such a state of anatomy is extremely rare in this country, but in colder climes it is of frequent occurrence. The rough and ready cure is the application of snow, which does not always have the desired effect; therefore, electricity comes in, and, through the medium of an electrode applied to each side of the nostrils, creates a reddening of the tissues, which lasts several days, and finally restores the natural colour.

Now Moscow has been enriched by the Comte de Saxe, who recently sent thither a vegetable monstrosity in the shape of a fir cone which has shot forth from its apex a small leafy shoot more than a foot long. It was picked up in a forest near Seville owned by the Comte, who says in his letter: "I took the cone home and left it on a table about the middle of February. It went on growing for a month, made a stem more than a foot long with three branches, and even threw out new shoots. About the end of March it ceased to grow and died, although the needles did not fall."

Texas is a new kind of lard in America. It is intended for culinary purposes, and the main object in its manufacture is cheapness. It consists mostly of petroleum, oleo-stearine and tallow, bound together with feller's earth, which, however, let it be known, is extracted afterwards, when the blending process is complete. Still, for domestic purposes, especially for frying one's pancakes or soles, the butter with which we are familiar and which comes from the barnyard, necessary cow, seems more palatable, which statement you would back up if you had ever smelt unrefined petroleum.

An electrical accident, which has no precedent, recently took place in the Norfolk Navy Yard, U.S.A. A large steel vessel was lying in dry dock, and underneath her were a couple of men standing up to their knees in water. A storm was raging at the time and the vessel was struck, not in such a way as to affect those on board, or even to give them any suspicion that it had received the current, but in such a way that it acted as an enormous condenser. Being insulated from the ground it became heavily charged, and immediately the two unfortunate men standing in the water touched her sides, they received a terrific shock, which killed them both instantly.

Some appalling facts have recently come to light regarding the patent law in China. Whatever British novelty-hatchers have got to growl about in the bye-laws and regulations that govern their movements in this country, their grievances fade into insignificance alongside those of John Chinaman. Protection for an invention can be obtained in the Flowery Land either by means of a special grant from the national authorities, conferring a monopoly, or by means of registration at the Chinese Foreign Office, and at a foreign consulate, by filing copies of the specification and patent drawings. Publication of ownership in all the Chinese papers must also be made. The second method costs \$70; the first, \$500.

Under the above heading we publish accounts of new and various inventions and discoveries. Should any readers have something exceptional of the kind which they would like to communicate to the world at large, we shall be very glad if they will make this the medium for doing so.

If any reader of PEARSON'S WEEKLY wishes to communicate with an expert regarding an idea for a patent let him write to the Editor of this paper, marking the envelope PATENT. The letter will be handed to a gentleman well known in connection with patents, who will put himself in communication with its sender.

PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE.

In America General Booth and his officers of both sexes have been declared ministers of religion within the meaning of the law.

Mr. ANDREW LANG, although he has attained an extraordinary level of high work, has never written a great book. He was born in 1844.

For over thirty years the Archbishop of Canterbury has prohibited the delivery of letters on Sunday at his country house, as he will never trouble his mind by reading one on the seventh day.

It is not perhaps generally known that Mr. Balfour is a very rich man. His family have long been wealthy landowners in Scotland, and at the present time he owns a good deal of valuable property in London.

MADAME GARNOT, the wife of the late French President, is very fond of horses, a taste which was fully shared by her husband, who had a preference for those of American breed, and used to import them from the States.

ALEXANDER DUMAS proposes a tax upon diners-out for the benefit of the poor. This is an idea which is worthy of careful consideration, for it would in most cases affect the people who can best afford to bear the burden of taxation.

FIELD-MARSHAL SIR PATRICK GRANT, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., was born in 1804, and has the honour of being the oldest soldier in the British army. He entered the East India Company's service in 1820, and went through the Indian Mutiny. In 1867 he was appointed Governor of Malta.

The name of the Governor of Texas is Hogg. His eldest daughter was christened "Ima" Hogg, the second one "Ura" Hogg, and the third "Moore" Hogg. After this the well-known family of Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, and lastly Acts will have to take a back seat, and also our sausage friend with his family of Harris No. 1, Harris No. 2, and Harris No. 3.

SIR J. R. ROBINSON, editor of THE DAILY NEWS, has been connected with the paper nearly forty years. He was born in 1828. In 1868 he became manager, in 1887 editor, and some six years later he was knighted. He is a sturdily-built little man, rather below than above the middle height, with a shallow complexion, and a close-cut sandy beard, heavily streaked with grey. He is fond of walking, and one may often pass him strolling along the Strand two or three times a day, with his eyes on the ground in nine cases out of ten. As editor of THE DAILY NEWS he receives £4,000 a year.

It has, of course, long been an open secret that Mr. William Waldorf Astor, the American multi-millionaire, is running a Conservative evening paper over here in the hope of acquiring a title, which is about the only thing in the world that he cannot buy in the open market. It is not exactly creditable to our Constitutional arrangements that there should even be a back-door to the British aristocracy, but creditable or otherwise it exists, and since W. W. A. has been nominated for a J.P. of Middlesex county the American papers have recorded the fact that the first step has been taken towards the coveted peerage.

Mrs. BEECHER-STOWE, the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the most popular book in the world, has just passed her eighty-second birthday. Harriet Elizabeth Stowe is an American by birth, daughter of the Rev. Lyman Beecher, an eminent and widely-popular Presbyterian minister.

She had been writing diligently for some years before she achieved her great success and her lasting fame by the production of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in 1850, when the slavery question was most intense. At that time, as Colonel Routledge told me the other day, it was no unusual thing to see six first-class passengers reading it in one compartment of a train coming up from Brighton of a morning. Mrs. Beecher-Stowe has written many other books, but not one which has ever come up to the standard of the first in the estimation of the public, and this gifted authoress in after years rather imperilled her popularity by a work in which she endeavoured to establish a horrible charge against Lord Lytton.

LUI MING CHUAN, the lately-appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Chinese army, is hardly the man one would expect to see entrusted with the command of a large army on active service, considering that he is already seventy-eight years old; but, although he has taken a responsibility which few men of his age would care to accept, no living Chinaman would be better fitted to discharge the duty.

Lui's energy is great, far greater indeed than his appearance would lead anyone to suppose, and his administrative powers had full scope when he was appointed Governor of Formosa after his brilliant service under our beloved General Gordon. It was some fifteen years ago that he became Viceroy of that beautiful island, and as the warlike aborigines were in a chronic state of open revolt his war-band was kept well employed during his term of office. However, it was not until 1884 that he gained his greatest *ludos* as a military commander by repulsing a strong French force which landed at Tamsoi. For this exploit he was invested with the coveted order of the Yellow Riding Jacket, and honour after honour, title after title, were showered upon him.

Lui Ming Chuan is a man of very advanced politics, and he has done for Formosa what his fellow-statesman, poor Li Hung Chang, has done for China. His own palace and the greater part of the city in which it was situated, was lighted by electricity. In spite of fierce official opposition he constructed a railway and opened collieries in the island, employing English engineers to carry out all his schemes.

He can speak no language but his own, but as Viceroy he kept himself well informed on European topics of interest by subscribing to more than one English newspaper and employing an interpreter, who had little else to do but transcribe into Chinese any articles and paragraphs which he deemed of interest and importance.

On resigning his Governorship, Lui returned into his native city to enjoy the ease he had so well earned, but the sound of battle has called him forth again to take an active part in the latest international difficulty.

CRICKET NOTES.

Few cricketers are more popular than Mr. W. W. Read, and it is a fact which appeals very much to the sporting instinct of the public that he has scored more centuries for Surrey than any other two batsmen put together. Mr. Read was born at Reigate in November, 1855, and he received his early education in the mysteries of cricket at the hands of county professionals. With one exception, he is the oldest playing member of the Surrey eleven, and he made his *début* when he was little more than seventeen years old.

The present powerful and almost unassailable position of some of the second-class counties is getting so serious that some reform is certain to be made before next season. Warwickshire, Derbyshire, Leicestershire, and Essex have long since proved that they possess strength enough to compete with first-class counties. To these four, Hampshire, who have beaten Sussex, Warwickshire, and Derbyshire, ought now to be added. On the subject of the classification of the counties, a correspondent sends me the following excellent suggestion:—

"As regards the county classification, could not a rule like this be made?—

"That the two (or more) leading second-class counties and the last two first-class counties of the same season arrange home-and-home fixtures, irrespective of their own matches, and run a sort of championship of their own, and that the victorious two should be included in the list of first-class counties and the others in the secondary list. These few matches could be played off at the close of one season and the beginning of the next, or during the coming season."

"Take an instance:—At the end of the season (1893) Somerset and Gloucester were at the extreme tail-end of the first-class counties, and Warwick and Derby were the best of the second. If during this season Somerset and Gloucester played home-and-home matches with Warwick and Derby, and the following result was arrived at—1, Somerset; 2, Warwick; 3, Gloucester; 4, Derby: then Warwick would step into the position rendered vacant by the inability of Gloucester to maintain her claim to front rank. Surely this 'sliding scale,' or one derived from it, should give all a fair chance."

COUNTY cricket is in such tremendous favour, and it brings in so much money, that it is a strange thing that professionals are so ridiculously underpaid that a benefit match has to be accorded them after many years of hard work in order that they may augment their wretched incomes, which, it should not be forgotten, rarely ever increase.

As things are constituted at present, no pro. can make provision for old age, for, playing in every county match, and allowing for a few others, very few of them can make more than £150 a year. I suppose the average life of a cricketer, as a first-class pro., is twelve years. At the end of this term, young talent superseding the old, he finds his employment gone and his purse slender. Then he is given a benefit, which is so often interfered with by rain, that, after deducting expenses, he finds himself scarcely any better off than before the match. Peel made over £2,000 in his recent benefit match, but this sum is quite exceptional. How many are there who have not cleared a hundred pounds? Surely it is time those who are directly responsible for the popularity and the excellence of county cricket were decently remunerated.

When does a man get too old for cricket? Anyhow, a cricketer's life is not bounded by two-score years and ten. This is proved by no less a person than Alfred Shaw, who has taken for Sussex forty-one wickets this season at an average of 12.24 per wicket. Bowling 422 overs, the Sussex "colt" actually secured 201 maidens. Shaw, by the way, is now salmon-fishing in Norway with Lord Sheffield.

REMARKABLE PERFORMANCES.—Playing for Spring Grove v. Ham, Lanham took seven wickets for 8 runs, and was not out in both innings. For Garsnavel Royal Asylum, McLauchlan captured six wickets for 4 runs, and was the highest scorer with 17 runs, beating the score of the opposing side, which only reached 16. For Surrey Chapel v. Rovers, Croxford secured five wickets for 8 runs, and made 52 runs not out. Playing in the match Charnwood Street School v. Medway Street School, Shaw made 65 not out, and took six wickets for 2 runs. For Church Institute, Somers Town v. Eversley, Hiscock scored 47 out of a total of 67, and took five wickets for 12 runs. For 1st Surrey Rifles v. Bloomsbury Rifles, Fordham secured six wickets for 4 runs, his analysis at one time reading—five overs, five maidens, five wickets, no runs.

English Cyclists should have their lamps alight at 7.45 p.m. on Saturday, Sept. 1st, and 7.30 p.m. on Sept. 8th. In Ireland there is no law compelling cyclists to light up at all. In Scotland the time is about half an hour later than in England.

£100 INSURANCE
FOR CYCLISTS.

The only condition required to secure this sum to whomsoever the Proprietors of PEARSON'S WEEKLY may decide to be the Next-of-kin of any Cyclist who meets with his or her death by an accident while actually riding, is that a copy of the current number of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, or this notice, should be in the possession of the deceased at the time of the fatality. The usual signature in pen or pencil must occupy the line left blank at the foot of this notice. Notice of accident must be given within seven days to the Proprietors of the Paper, and death must occur within the same period from the accident.

Signature

Available until midnight, Sept. 8th, 1894.

This is "the height of the Burglary Season," so say the daily papers. It therefore behoves all readers of "P.W." to remember the Burglary Insurance Coupon on page 120.

WORKERS AND THEIR WORK—No. CXXII.

MR. JOHN HAWKE,

HON. ORGANISING SECRETARY OF THE ANTI-
GAMBLING LEAGUE.

(The Man who Stopped the Missing Word.)

IN view of the anti-gambling movement, which, in the face of a good deal of chaff, has recently developed from the nebulous state into an active crusade against horse-racing and its accessories, I called a few weeks ago on Mr. John Hawke, the moving spirit of the Anti-Gambling League, in the hopes of fathoming the principles and programme of the New Reformers.

Flushed with the partial success of his first field-day, Mr. Hawke was very confident about the future. It is a melancholy fact, however, that his appeal against the adverse decision of the Northampton magistrates has come to nought, and for the present I suppose his overwhelming attack on the Jockey Club will be indefinitely postponed.

It was Mr. Hawke who prompted Sir A. K. Stephenson to test the legality of the Missing Word Competitions, and it was through his action that all the subsequent confusion arose. I think he seemed relieved that I did not appear with a horse-whip under my arm on this account.

"I am personally pleased," he observed, suavely rubbing his thin hands together, "to find that the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly* bears no grudge, although we took such different views of the Missing Word affair;" and thereupon we settled down in our chairs for a chat.

The Secretary of the Anti-Gambling League is a tall, lean man, with a pale face, emphasised by scant red whiskers and a small moustache. His manner is courteous and extremely friendly, and there is a great deal more of the level-headed man of business about him than of the Puritanical fanatic. He speaks slowly, weighing every word and every phrase in a somewhat sanctimonious voice.

The question which I discussed with Mr. Hawke is one of the greatest interest. It does not, however, admit of any definite settlement. This could only be accomplished by drawing a hard and fast line between right and wrong. Until the Philosophy of Chance is understood, the Ethics of Gambling will remain a mystery.

The subject, which is worthy of a moralist's theme, may be divided into several heads, and each of these admits of infinite sub-division.

There are many degrees of gambling.

In the first place, there is gambling in the original—and, as Mr. Hawke significantly pointed out, practically obsolete—meaning of the word for the sake of diversion—playing a game merely for amusement or recreation, to which attraction is added by a certain element of chance. In this primary sense of the word it does not appear that gambling is in any way immoral or unjustifiable, so long as no further risks are taken than can be afforded, and no danger incurred of misleading others who have neither the strength of mind to know where, when, or how to stop.

Secondly, there is gambling for the sake of gambling. Here everything depends entirely on blind, unconsidered chance. It is the evil in its most insidious and its most intolerable form. Such is pitch-and-toss. Such are the wild speculations on the Stock Exchange, and under this heading one may include betting on horse-racing and similar events by the general public, who have made no special study of the subject, and who merely put up their money for the sake of unhealthy excitement and the chance of winning a stake.

Thirdly, there is gambling for the sake of gambling with the exercise of due judgment and discretion, tempered with a certain knowledge of the laws of Average and Chance, which is within reach of anyone who cares to study them. To my mind, a bookmaker who knows the points of every horse, the reputation of their trainers, the past histories of their jockeys, is far more justified in betting than a mere outsider, provided, of course—and this is a very important stipulation—provided that his wager is laid with one of his own profession. It would be found, however, that if gambling were limited to experts, and men who have reduced chance to a system, it would soon fall into disuse, for if an average were taken over a number of years, the winnings would balance the losses under the immutable Law of Average.

Fourthly, there is gambling or speculating in legitimate commercial transactions on the Stock Exchange, the Produce Market, and elsewhere, with the aid of prudence, sagacity, circumspection, and caution, and the advantages of experience, which in many instances reduce a chance to something very nearly resembling a certainty. In this category Fire Insurance, and so on, would find a place.

Fifthly, there is gambling against time; in other words, paying a premium or a succession of premiums in the certainty of receiving a larger sum at a date to be fixed hereafter by Chance or Fate. This would include Life Insurance and Building Society Lotteries.

Further than this it does not seem to me necessary

to analyse the subject, but, while willingly acknowledging the impossibility of attempting, under any moral code, to draw the line between legal forms of gambling and illegal gambling, Mr. Hawke would not commit himself to the statement that speculation to any extent was inevitable, either in the world of pleasure or the world of commerce.

I endeavoured to meet him half way by speaking of a necessary evil, but he would not even go so far as this. He preferred to call it an unnecessary evil, which had to be tolerated. For my own part, I cannot help thinking its condemnation was too severe. All the world is a tetotum; Chance or Destiny, which you will, is a vital principle of life.

"You won't be long, will you?" said Mr. Hawke, anxiously, as we faced one another across the table. I promised faithfully I would not be, and immediately proceeded to monopolise the busiest hour of his morning.

"Who founded the Anti-Gambling League?" I asked. "Mr. F. A. Atkins, the editor of *THE YOUNG MAN* and *THE YOUNG WOMAN*. That was nearly five years ago. The Right Hon. the Earl of Aberdeen is the President, and there are many other well-known public men on the Committee," and Mr. Hawke showed me a long list of names, including those of the Earl of Meath, the Bishop of Wakefield, W. T. Stead, G. F. Watts, R.A., the Rev. J. E. C. Wheldon (the Head Master of Harrow), and many others beside.

I wanted to discover the precise politics of this gallant band of national reformers. Everyone knows that it is the present tendency of Legislature to exercise a large interference with the power of individuals to injure themselves, and I was anxious to learn how far the League intended to rely on the law in their attempt to suppress the vice and the misery which are eating into the heart of the nation.

"Do you hope to compel people to do right even against their inclinations within those limits where individual freedom is concerned?" I asked.

Mr. Hawke shook his head. "No," he said, "we cannot make people good by legislation. As far as the individual is concerned, we can only go on the education tack; example, precept, and entreaty are the weapons which we use. Legal proceedings are confined in our crusade against immorality when it becomes a trade. It is not our purpose to interfere with horse-racing or any legitimate sport, but it is our conviction that the owners of betting enclosures on a race-course should share the same prison as the betting-club keeper. I have neither any prejudice against sport, nor any desire to meddle with personal liberty."

I said: "Regarding the matter from a logical point of view, it seems to me that betting and gambling in its lower forms is no worse than in its higher. It is a legal anomaly to prosecute street boys for playing pitch-and-toss and to raid insignificant betting dens and yet to say nothing to the Jockey Club or the owners of betting enclosures; but it would be an equally gross anomaly to suppress the latter while bucket-shops and so on were suffered to exist."

"From the point of view of public morality, as well as of logic," replied Mr. Hawke, "you are correct absolutely. It must not be supposed, however, that our ambition is limited by the desire to suppress betting in connection with horse-racing, and the publication, in any form, of betting odds. We intend, as time goes on, to turn our attention to every form of gambling. Not only, mind you, to the suppression of the vast dealings which take place every day on the outside Stock Exchanges, in which no security passes or is intended to pass, which is gambling pure and simple, and much of it pure knavery, but even to check extravagant speculation in connection with legitimate commercial transactions by the imposition of a moderate percentage tax."

I asked Mr. Hawke why he had made so dead a set against the national pastime. In other fields he might have counted on support from the public, but he has chosen the one of all others in which he will have most opposition to contend with.

He said: "Simply because betting on horse-racing is the most prominent branch of the great evil whose volume and power we hope to suppress. It is not merely an aristocratic dissipation; rich and poor alike are enthralled with the same mad game. Shopmen and servants, City clerks and roughs, are all intoxicated by this plague, which, I say unhesitatingly, is worse than drunkenness. Bookmaking has come down to shillings to suit the public taste, and the end is always the same sad story of ruined homes and broken hearts and blackened characters. No one realises more clearly than we do the magnitude of the forces opposed to us in seeking not only to put the laws in force, but to render public opinion less adverse to their application than they are at present."

"But, granting all the harm which betting does, and the misery it entails," I said, "does it not seem to you that mankind requires some safety-valve as an outlet for this inclination to gamble, which is as deep-set in human nature as the principle of life itself? If people must play upon the knees of Chance, might it not be best that they should do so openly?"

"I cannot think so," said Mr. Hawke, rising and pacing the room, with his hands clasped behind his back. "The gambling form of demoralisation must be treated as other immorality is treated. In the one case the law will not allow vice to become a recognised trade, and this, I think, is an impregnable argument against

their doing so in the other. We never hope to obtain any generally repressive statute, nor would it be any use doing so. As I have said, individual freedom must be respected, but nothing in the shape of organised immorality. Besides, I must take exception to your remark. Gambling is probably as old as the history of the world, but the extent to which it obtains to-day, is, I maintain, merely a matter of fashion. With the sympathy and aid of the public, there would come a reaction on society. I need not remind you that a few hundred years ago pugilism and cockfighting, and even getting drunk were the chief amusements of country gentlemen. That has all altered now. So I hope and trust it may be with gambling."

"I suppose you know, Mr. Hawke, that you have been accused of putting down bear-baiting, not for the sake of the bears, but because you disliked seeing other people enjoy themselves."

"What nonsense," said the Secretary of the Anti-Gambling League, indignantly. "I am a most ardent sportsman myself, and so are a great many others on the committee." And Mr. Hawke dived down into a drawer, and showed me a photograph, with pardonable pride, of one of his little boys, who had come in first at his school races.

My next question referred to the suppression of betting odds in the newspapers.

"The League is now moving the promotion of a Bill in Parliament for this very purpose," Mr. Hawke answered. "We intend to make the quotation of betting odds in all newspapers and publications illegal. There is no measure short of prohibition which would deal a more potent blow against irresponsible gambling. It is all very well to talk about the freedom of the Press, but it is the Press, and particularly the sporting Press, which is the most fertilising channel by means of which the contagion has spread. If we hope for success in our endeavour to make this Bill law, however, we must obtain the co-operation of the Press."

"I'll bet you ten to one—"

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Hawke.

I saw my mistake at once.

"My fault entirely," I said. "I was only going to say that it seems to me highly improbable that you will receive any support from the Press, considering how the circulations of even the most respectable dailies are increased by their sporting anticipations and notes."

"Well, of course, you know more about that than I do," said Mr. Hawke sagaciously. "However, I may tell you that I have obtained the assent of six influential newspapers of large circulation—three in London and three in the provinces—to the League's Bill for rendering penal the publication of betting odds, of course, upon the understanding that the prohibition is made universal."

"And what if, in making your determined effort to rescue the turf from the parasite which is 'strangling' it, it should turn out that you had robbed it of its only means of support, and the end was ruin?"

"I should be very sorry, but I can't help it," said Mr. Hawke. "The evil must be stamped out at whatever cost. It has been said that, without the stimulus which racing affords, it would be difficult to maintain that purity of blood and standard of excellence which have rendered the breed of English horses superior to that of any other country in the world. That, I venture to assert, is not the truth. As one of my fellow workers

(Continued on next page.)

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The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

Signature.....

Available from 5 p.m. of Friday, Aug. 31st, 1894, until Midnight, Saturday, September 8th, 1894. (See column 3, page 123.)

"P.W." has only been in existence four years; but it has paid £3,000 insurance money—that is to say nearly twice as much as any other paper, age for age.

put it the other day: 'Do we have cow races to improve the breed of cows?'

"If by our reforms we can make the sport once more an amusement instead of a harmful business, we may, I think, hope for an improvement in the breed of men without deteriorating that of the quadrupeds."

"But if horse-racing were abolished to-morrow betting would be transferred to dog-racing, bicycling, cricket, football, and other sports."

"Precisely, and that is why we are going for the root of this evil-betting. By the application of the Betting Act of 1853, and the passing of the law I have referred to, the pernicious system would be broken up entirely."

"How is it, Mr. Hawke, that you, as a member of Lloyd's, presume, not only to talk of reforming the turf, but even of controlling extravagance on the Stock Exchange and other institutions in the City of London, which are the centres of much speculation? As Mr. Dockwood said the other day, it is no more illegal to gamble with men's lives in rotting ships, than with horses going past the post. Besides there is hardly any risk that will not be taken at Lloyd's, if you offer long enough odds."

Mr. Hawke looked genuinely distressed. "I am not a member of Lloyd's in that sense," he said in his slow deliberate way. "I am a subscriber, but not an underwriter. As a manager of a merchant's business, I naturally have to insure my cargoes there."

"But if gambling is wrong in principle, and causes you some abhorrence, how is it that you have any dealings with firms who are members of Lloyd's, knowing, as you do, that the longer your ships are overdue the longer the odds against them in the Royal Exchange?"

Mr. Hawke raised his hands in a deprecating kind of way. "It is almost impossible to draw the line," he said. "Risks must be faced in this world. Ninety-nine per cent. of the business done at Lloyd's takes the form of purely commercial transactions. I have said enough to show you how strongly adverse I am to any kind of speculation, but it cannot be entirely avoided, and therefore we must tolerate it as best we can. There is a great difference between legal and illegal speculation, although we cannot draw the line between them, and I think both are to be deplored. In the one case we have evil accompanied by good, and we may hope to reduce the evil, in the other we have evil without any redeeming feature, or any commercial purpose. The one is utterly wrong with no basis of right, the other is a growth upon a right basis."

"It was time for me to go, and I pushed back my chair. The League made its first success when it suppressed the Betting Word Competition!" I hazarded.

"Yes," answered Mr. Hawke. "We were by no means sure of our ground, but it seemed to us that the competition was doing a great harm, and we undertook the contest in the hopes of attracting a certain amount of attention. I recognised the fact that, unless the League had the sympathy and aid of the public, it could never hope to carry out its great work. We had sown seed long enough on somewhat stony ground, and it was time to reap a harvest. A great deal depended on the success of our first venture."

"Were you not speculating in notorious futures, Mr. Hawke?"

The secretary laughed good-naturedly. "Ah," he said, "that is pressing me a little bit too close."

"You call yourself a French cook! A fine specimen of a cook you are! Consider yourself discharged."

"Discharged! But what has I done?"

"Where are those chicken croquettes we were to have had for dinner?"

"But, sure, there are no chickens!"

"Who said anything about chickens? Make them out of stale shrimp, same as our last cook did."

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The Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation, Limited, will pay the Homeholder of any occupied private dwelling-house in the United Kingdom (the rateable value of which is over £15 in Urban Districts and over £10 in Rural Districts) the value of any goods (other than cash, money, or securities of any kind) lost through Burglary or Housebreaking, with forcible entry, up to the amount of £30, provided the current and two previous weeks' issues of *Pearson's Weekly* with the Coupon signed in ink with the usual signature of the Homeholder, be sent with notice of claim, which must be reported to the Corporation, as above, within 48 hours of its occurrence. Provided also that evidence of the regular and previous purchase of the current and two previous weeks' issues of the paper be given; also that satisfactory proof of the Burglary or Housebreaking, and of the loss and value of the goods, and every particular required by the Corporation be furnished to them. A dwelling-house shall be deemed to be "occupied" in which there is actually an inhabitant for six consecutive hours between the hours of 8 a.m. and 8 p.m. and six consecutive hours between 3 a.m. and 3 p.m. No claim is paid where any member of Homeholder's family, servant, or other inmates of house are in any way concerned. No more than one Coupon can be claimed under any one Homeholder. In other respects this Coupon carries the benefits of, and is subject to the conditions of, the ordinary Burglary Policy of the Corporation.

Signature

September 8th, 1894.

To be written in ink.

Remember that "P.W." is absolutely the only paper which insures, or ever has insured, its readers against burglary.

THE HERRING SLAUGHTER.

THE gannets round the coast probably eat more full-grown herring than all our annual catch. They will dive the eight or ten fathoms necessary to reach the Ballantrae Banks, and there gorge themselves so that they cannot rise from the water until they throw up an excess of half a dozen fish.

The "dookers" of all descriptions will destroy far more herring, half-grown, than all the small-meshed nets in the sea. I have taken five half-grown herrings from one guillemot. The gulls may be seen like long lines of foam resting on the water after a feast during the herring season.

The numberless sea-swallows around the coast live almost entirely upon herring ale; while every other fish preys upon the herring at some stage, and the mature herring devours its own young in myriads. Then the coal fish, the most plentiful, prolific, and voracious of all the cod family, is a perpetual pensioner upon the herring shoals.

I have taken many hundreds of young herring from one two-pound saith; I have seen fifteen full-grown herring taken from one mature coalfish. What are the thousand million herring captured by our fishermen annually compared with this continuous onslaught?

LIVING BY DYING.

It was past the dusk of a gloomy winter's day, when the inner door of my office somewhat abruptly opened. I thought it had been blown open by the wind. But in a moment I was undeceived. A ghostly-looking man appeared in the aperture. What I had thought was the noise of a gust of wind was a heavy groan that burst from his labouring bosom. It was repeated as he stood there.

"Don't disturb yourself, sir," he faltered, "this is a liberty I know, but necessity has no choice. I have found this world too hard a place; I can bear it no longer. In a perfect stranger, such as I am, this may seem presumptuous; but everyone has a privilege in his last moments. I regret to disturb one who evidently has such a feeling heart."

He staggered a pace aside, laying hold of the mantelpiece to steady himself.

"Five shillings would have postponed it indefinitely, but I find that even so small a sum is hopeless. I have ventured to come here, sir, to die," looking from one to another of two chairs, to see which would suit his purpose. He selected the one to the left hand, sinking slowly into it, and becoming paler every second.

I was horrified. No doubt the man had taken poison. A view of the coroner's inquest started before me; the body would most likely have to remain here upon my premises till the inquiry was held. It was awful.

"Rally yourself," I said; "a doctor shall be sent for."

His voice grew fainter. "At No 12, Pleasant Avenue, you will find four small children; I commend them to you. They have no mother. I wish they were grown up for your sake."

In a still weaker tone he murmured:

"Five shillings would have saved all this."

My hair stood on end. Four small children, added to the coroner's inquest, overwhelmed me.

"Don't die," I frantically urged; "I will see what can be done for you."

"I knew you were a man of feeling heart," he softly murmured, "but it is too late. I only hope that my sudden departure, under mysterious circumstances, may not bring you into suspicion. The world judges harshly."

A cold sweat bedewed me. In addition to a coroner's inquest, and four orphan children, a charge of murder was possible.

"There is the five shillings," I gasped, thrusting two half-crowns in his hand.

He revived a little. Opening the corner of his eye, he said:

"Could you make it seven-and-sixpence, and earn my life-long gratitude?"

About nine months afterwards, no doubt led astray by the fact of my humble premises being approachable by passages leading out of two different streets, the same visitor came there to die again. I heard his preliminary statement, then I said:

"By all means. I have a friend, a doctor, who wishes for a subject on which to try a new surgical experiment. It is very fortunate. Pray proceed, and do not linger."

He did not. Hastily replacing his hat, he reached the door in two of the most gigantic strides I have ever witnessed; but in the doorway he paused.

"It is the last favour I shall ever ask you," he tremblingly said, with solemn earnestness gleaming in his eyes, "but will you tell me whether I have operated upon you before?"

I assured him that he had. He brightened instantly, as he replied:

"You have relieved my heart, sir. The thing has never yet failed, but I thought it had at last. In that case, I should have been a ruined man."

He respectfully bowed, and vanished from the doorway, and I saw him no more.

THE SONG-TITLE PRIZE.

THERE has been a very large entry for the Five Guinea Prizes which we were empowered to offer by Mr. Harry Dacre, author and composer of "A Bicycle Built for Two," but a still larger dearth of original ideas for song-titles.

All the suggestions, however—good, bad, and indifferent—have been carefully looked through, and the prizes are awarded as follows:

Class 1: Thomas Deacon, Oakley Cottage, Ruby Street, Newfoundpool, Leicester, One Guinea. Class 2 and 3: William Valler, York House, 19, High Street, Blackpool, Two Guineas. Class 4 and 5: F. R. Coulson, 41, Casselden Road, Willesden, London, N.W., Two Guineas.

It is, of course, impossible to publish the winning titles. If once they were made common property, they would be promptly "lifted" by needy song-writers.

AS SEEN BY "P.W."

DURING the past few weeks four members of the staff of P.W. have been over to the Antwerp Exhibition, and they have all come back with the most pleasing recollections of the trip.

The Exhibition itself is well worth the journey, everyone agreeing that it is better than any of the series that we have had in England, not even excepting the "Colinderies." Under the guidance of Messrs. Cooks' representatives, the many interesting features of the town and neighbourhood were also exhaustively explored.

Altogether, the quartet have returned thoroughly pleased with what they have seen and done, the combined cheapness and comfort of the excursion, and the excellent management which Messrs. Cook have displayed.

Particulars of these cheap trips in connection with P.W., which will be continued for some time longer, can be obtained on application.

"WHAT in the world made you send Johnnie where you knew he would catch the measles?"

Wife: "Mercy, dear, didn't I tell you that Dr. Croaker is treating patients for half price this week. That is why."

RAPID ADVANCEMENT.—Fightson: "See that man in the carriage? When he came to this town ten years ago he couldn't write his own name."

Runaway: "And now!"

"Served two years, by George, sir, for forgery."

TO BE EXACT.—Lawyer Martin: "Here's me client, yure honour—a poor felly wid wan foot in th' grave, an'—"

Client (with a wooden leg): "Hold on, Irish; don't go too fast. That foot was bit off by a shark down by Honduras."

THE glowing reporter who wrote, with reference to a well-known belle, "Her dainty feet were encased in shoes that might have been taken for fairy boots," tied his wardrobe up in his handkerchief and left for parts unknown, when it appeared the next morning: "Her dirty feet were encased in shoes that might be taken for ferry-boats."

ORDERS ARE ORDERS.—A gentleman was looking at a suite of rooms. He found them quite satisfactory, and said to the man in charge: "I will take them."

"Have you any children, sir?"

"Yes, two."

"Then I cannot let you have the rooms."

"Why, my children are both married, and live two hundred miles away."

"That makes no difference. My orders are not to take in any tenant who has children."

The Penoil-cases for the fifty best footlines are awarded as follows:—

John Crabbe, 11, Union Street, Maxwelltown, Dundee; Lawrence H. A. Harbour, 90, Osborne Street, Hull; E. A. Walton, Palatine Road, Northenden, Cheshire; H. Geo. Ashley, 64, High Street, Notting Hill Gate, W.; Miss Amy Duncombe, Silverdale, Keymer, Sussex; James Waglin, Ditchingham, Norfolk; F. Burrell, Oak Villa, Mornington Road, Leytonstone; S. Taylor, Oswestry Street, Whitby, Yorks; R. C. Coppliner, Caedra Street, Thurris, Ireland; Louis C. Gibbs, 56, Torriano Avenue, Camden Road, N.W.; Jas. Brown, Noton, Bell Weir, Egham, Surrey; W. Wilkins, 274, Monument Road, Birmingham; Edward Hewitt, 25, Crown Street, Blue Bell, Nottingham; Mrs. Warren, 105, Tidswell Road, Eastbourne; Joe Moorhouse, Denmark Street, Belle Vue, Wakefield; Miss Broad, Clontarf, Shanklin, Isle of Wight; A. Cooke, 29, South Lambeth Road, S.W.; J. W. Smith, Crown Hill, Ashdown, Baffron Walden; A. Bishop, 1, Staverton Villa, Darby Road, Gloucester; E. Owen, 21, Dean Street, Larkhall, Exeter; "Hill, 30, Queen Street, Kirkintilloch, Glasgow; Horace Lawson, 5, Churchyard Row, Newington Butts, S.E.; P. May, 2, Trinity Cottage, Crossbrook Street, Chesham; L. R. Blake, 4, St. Martin's Terrace, Salisbury; E. Butterworth, 226, Queen's Road, Dalston, N.E.; Jas. Seed, Esq., 49, London Road, Preston, Lancs; S. W. Scott, 7, F. Block, Mirfield, Yorks; G. T. Nagle, 19, North East Street, Dublin; A. M. Hart, 1, Whitehall Place, London, S.W.; W. Stratton, 129, Great King Street, Birmingham; E. A. Pearson, 14, Oxford Street, Ulverston; R. Jordan, William Street, Limerick; W. Roberts, Poular Cottage, Wallasey Road, Liscard, Cheshire; Fred. C. Randall, Lime Avenue, Wynn Street, Birmingham; H. Seers, 28, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.; Fred. A. Ansell, 16, Hillary Street, Leeds; W. Hatwick, 21, Klutons Place, Aberdeen; W. O. Mole, Poitue Park, Exeter, Devon; Geo. Gallon, 167, Eldon Road, Canton, Cardiff; John Underwood, 13, Everton Terrace, Liverpool; Jas. Millar, Tranent, N.B.; Mrs. Gray, 5, Miriam Road, Plumstead, Kent; Mrs. C. Weiswick, 200, North Road, Preston, Lancs; John Bowler, 80, Leaf Street, Halmes, Manchester; Mr. Frank Price, 53, Ivy Street, Birkenhead; Fred. Paine, 2, Upper Coombe Street, Croydon; F. W. Musquall, 145, Cornwall Road, Baginbun, W.; Harry S. L. Lachy, Glenburgh, Farnes, N.B.; G. S. George, The Hermitage, Harrow Weald, Middlesex.

HEART OF THE WORLD.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

Author of "She," "King Solomon's Mines," "Cleopatra,"
"The People of the Mist," &c., &c.

Illustrations by E. R. HORN.

SUMMARY.

THE story tells of the life of Don Ignacio, a Mexican Indian, of Santa Cruz, as written by himself, and bequeathed to one Jones, an Englishman, with whom in his declining years he had been most intimate. As we are told in the prologue, Don Ignacio ends his days in a hacienda at Santa Cruz, which but twenty years before had been the house of a desperate band of robbers, headed by Don Pedro Moreno.

Ignacio, whose father has been murdered by the Spaniards, grows up with an inherited hatred of the Spanish race and a fierce longing to revenge the wrongs they have done to his people. On his twentieth birthday, his godfather tells him that he is the only survivor, in direct descent, of the Aztec emperor, and gives him a trinket made of one half of a heart-shaped emerald, so cunningly sawn that without it no one could imitate the missing half. It is the most valued possession of the Aztec kings, and tradition has said that when the two halves come together the Aztecs shall once more reign in Mexico. Much treasure has been secretly hoarded together to attain that end.

Shortly after, Ignacio is solemnly installed as Holder of the Heart, and first in rank among the fallen people of the Indians, who are ready to suffer anything for him. A deep plot is laid to recover Mexico, but at the last moment it falls through a woman's treachery. Ignacio's treasure is all lost, and he barely escapes with his life.

At Camarero, a village distant many days' march from Santa Cruz, whither Ignacio has gone to inspect an ancient scroll, he meets James Strickland, a very powerful man, of English blood, whom he saves from a murderous plot. He also is greeted by Molas, his foster brother, who bears the strange name that in Chichas, hard by Santa Cruz, in a ruined temple, dwells an old man and his daughter, who is exceedingly beautiful. The old man practices medicine, and is called Zibabai—his daughter, Moya. Zibabai is the holder of the other half of the heart-shaped emerald, and he bids Molas tell Ignacio to visit him. Then he gives him much gold, stamped with the symbol of the Heart. On his journey back, Molas falls into the hands of Don Pedro Moreno, at Santa Cruz, who robs him of his gold, forces him to say from whence he had obtained it, and then lets him go free.

On the eve of Molas' return, Ignacio deciphers the scroll, and next morning sets out with James Strickland to discover the hidden treasure of which the writing gives a clue. It is in an old mine, but two hours' journey from Camarero. During the search Ignacio is almost crushed by a falling rock, and saved only by the great strength of Strickland. In fear of death, Ignacio tells him all the mysteries connected with the order of the Heart, initiates him into its ritual and makes him chief lord. He also tells him of his desire to visit the golden city, Heart of the World, the sacred city of the Indians. In ages past, he says, the Indians had quarrelled and split into two parties, the Aztecs, of whom Ignacio was the chief, and those who dwelt around the golden city, of whom Zibabai was the head. One half of the emerald heart went to each party, and the two factions, so the legend ran, would only be united again when the halves were joined.

CHAPTER V.

THE BEGINNING OF THE QUEST.

SOMETHING more than a month from the day when the Señor Strickland and I made our compact to search for the secret city of the Indians, we found ourselves, together with Molas, at Vera Cruz waiting for a ship to take us to Frontera, where we proposed to disembark. This port we had chosen in preference to Campeche, although the latter was nearer to the ruins where we hoped to find the Indian Zibabai, because from it we could travel in canoes up the Grijalva and other rivers, unobserved by any save the natives.

Things are changed now in these parts, but in those days the white men who lived thereabouts beyond the circle of the towns, were too often robbers, as Molas had found to his cost some few weeks before.

At Vera Cruz we purchased such articles as were necessary to our journey, not many, for we could not be sure of finding means to carry them. Among them were hammocks, three guns that would shoot either ball or shot, with ammunition, as many muzzle-loading Colt's revolvers, the best that were to be had twenty years ago, some medicines, blankets, boots, and spare clothes.

Also we took with us all the money that we possessed, amounting to something over fifteen hundred dollars in gold, which sum we divided between us, carrying it in belts about our middles. At Vera Cruz, where people are very curious about the business of others, we gave out that the Señor Strickland was one of those strange Englishmen who loves to visit old ruins, for which purpose he was travelling to Yucatan; that I, Ignacio, was his guide and companion, and that Molas, my foster-brother, was our servant.

Now we purposed to leave Vera Cruz by a fine American vessel, a sailing ship, that, after touching at the ports along the coast, traded to Havannah and New York. As it chanced the departure of this ship was delayed for a week, so, being pressed for time and fearing lest we should catch the yellow fever that was raging in the town, unhappily for ourselves we took passage in a Mexican boat called the *Santa Maria*.

She was an old sailing vessel of not more than two hundred and fifty tons burden, that had been converted by her owners into a paddle-wheel steamer, with the result that except in favourable weather, she could neither sail nor steam with any speed or safety. Her business was to trade with passengers and cargo between Vera Cruz and the ports of Frontera and Campeche.

"Where for?" asked the agent of the Señor Strickland, as he filled in the tickets.

"Frontera," he answered. "Your boat stops there, does she not?"

"Oh! certainly, señor," he said, as he pocketed the dollars, and yet all the while this shameless rogue knew that she had orders to touch at Campeche, which is the furthest port, first and return to Frontera a week later. But of this more in its place.

That afternoon the *Santa Maria*, with us on board of her, was piloted out of the harbour of Vera Cruz, and we heard the pilot swearing because she would not answer properly to her helm. Standing by the engines we noticed also that though they had not been working for more than half an hour, it was found necessary to keep a stream of water in constant play upon the bearings.

The señor asked the reason of this of the man who was mate and engineer of the boat, and he answered with a shrug, that sand had got into the machinery when she was steaming over the bar of the Grijalva river, but that he thought the bearings, should it please the Saints, would last this voyage, unless they had the bad luck to run into a norther, as you English call *el Norte*, the fearful gales that in certain seasons of the year sweep over the Gulf of Mexico.

"And if we run into a norther?" he asked, whereon the man made a grimace, crossed himself to avert the omen, and vanished down the stoke-hole.

Now we began to feel sorry that we had not taken passage in the American ship, since of late northerly had been frequent, but as, for good or ill, we were on board the *Santa Maria*, we amused ourselves by studying our fellow-passengers.

Of these there were several on board, perhaps twenty in all, Mexican landowners and officials returning to their haciendas and native towns after a visit to Vera Cruz, or the capital, some of them pleasant companions enough, and others not so. Three or four of these gentlemen were accompanied by their wives, but the ladies had already retired to the bunks opening out of the cabin, where, although the sea was quite smooth, they could be heard suffering the pains of sickness.

Among the passengers was one, a man of not more than thirty years of age, who particularly attracted our attention because of the gorgeousness of his dress. In appearance he was large, handsome, and coarse, and he had Indian blood in his veins, as was shown by the darkness of his colour and the thick black eye-brows that gave a truculent expression to his face. While I was wondering who he might be, Molas made a sign to me to come aside, and said:

"You see yonder man with the silver buttons on his coat, he is Don José Moreno, the son of that Don Pedro Moreno who waylaid and robbed me of the nuggets, which the old Indian gave me for the cost of my journey to find you. I heard at the time that he was away from the hacienda in Vera Cruz or Mexico, and now doubtless he returns thither. Beware of him, lord, and bid the Englishman to do the same, for like his father, he is a bad man—" and he told me certain things connected with him and his family.

While Molas was talking a bell had been rung for dinner, but I waited till he had finished before going down. At the door of the cabin I met the captain, a stout man with a face like a full moon and a bland smile.

"What do you seek, señor?" he asked.

"My dinner, señor," I answered.

"It shall be sent to you on the deck," he said, not without confusion. "I do not wish to be rude, señor, but you know that these Mexicans—I am a Spaniard myself and do not care—hate to sit at meat with an Indian, so if you insist upon coming in, there will be trouble."

Now I heard, and though the insult was deep, it was one to which I was accustomed, for in this land, which belongs to them and where their fathers ruled, to be an Indian is to be an outcast.

Therefore not wishing to make a stir I bowed and turned away. Meanwhile, it seems that the Señor Strickland, missing me in the cabin, asked the captain where I was, saying that perhaps I did not know that the meal was ready.

"If you refer to your servant, the Indian," said the captain, "I met him at the door and sent him away. Surely the señor knows that we do not sit at table with these people."

"Captain," answered the Señor Strickland, "if my friend is an Indian, he is as good a gentleman as you or anybody else in this cabin; moreover he has paid for a first-class fare and has a right to first-class accommodation. I insist upon a seat being provided for him at my side."

"As you wish," answered the captain smiling, for he was a man of peace, "only if he comes there will be trouble." And he ordered the steward to fetch me.

Now this steward was an Indian who knew my rank. Therefore not wishing to offend me by repeating what had passed, he said simply that the captain sent his compliments and begged that I would come down to dinner. The end of it was that I went, though doubtfully, and seeing me in the doorway the Señor Strickland called to me in a loud voice, saying:

"You are late for dinner, friend, but I have kept your place here by me. Sit down quickly or the food will be cold."

I bowed to the company and obeyed, and then the trouble commenced, for all present had heard this talk. As I took my seat the Mexicans began to murmur, and the passenger who was next to me insolently moved his plate and glass away. Now almost opposite me sat Don José Moreno, that man of whom Molas had told me. As I took my seat he consulted hastily with a neighbour on his right, then addressing the captain, said in a loud voice:

"There is some mistake, it is not usual that Indian dogs should sit at the same table with gentlemen."

The captain shrugged his shoulders and answered mildly: "Perhaps the señor will settle the question with the English señor on my left. To me it does not matter; I am only a poor sailor, and accustomed to every sort of company."

"Señor Strickland," said Don José, "be so good as to order your servant to leave the cabin."

"Señor," he answered, for his temper was quick, "I will see you in hell before I do so."

"Caramba," said the Mexican, laying a hand upon the knife in his belt, "you shall pay for that, Englishman."

"When and how you will, señor. I always pay my debts."

Then the captain broke in in a strange way. "First he put his hand behind him and drawing a large pistol from his pocket, he laid it by his plate."

"Señors, both," he said in a soft voice and with a gentle smile, "I am loth to interfere in the quarrel of two esteemed passengers, but though I am only a poor sailor, it

is my duty to see that there is no bloodshed on board this vessel. Therefore, much as I regret it, I shall be obliged to shoot dead the first man who draws a weapon," and he cocked the pistol.

Now the Mexican scowled and the Señor Strickland laughed outright, for it was a curious thing to hear a man with the face of a sheep growl and threaten like a wolf. Meanwhile I had risen, for this insult was more than I could bear.

"Señors," I said, speaking in Spanish, "as I see that my presence is unwelcome to the majority of those here, I hasten to withdraw myself. But before I go I wish to say something, not by way of boasting, but to justify my friend, the English gentleman, in his action on my behalf. However well-born you may be, my descent is nobler and more ancient than yours, and therefore it should be no shame to you to sit at table with me. Least of all should the Don José Moreno, whose father is a murderer, a highway robber, and a man without shame, and whose mother was a half-bred mestiza slut, dare to be insolent to me who, as any Indian on board this ship can tell you, am a prince among my own people."

Now every eye was fixed upon Don José. His sallow complexion turned to a whitish green as he listened to my words, and for a moment he sank back in his chair overcome with rage. Then he sprang up, once more gripping at his knife. "You dog!" he gasped, "let me but come at you and I'll cut your lying tongue out."

"You will do nothing of the sort, Don José Moreno," I answered, fixing my eyes upon his face; "what I have said of your father is true; more, there is a man on board this ship whom, not three months since, he robbed with violence. If the gentlemen your companions would like to hear the story I can tell it to them. For the rest, I am well able to defend myself. Moreover this vessel is manned by Indians who know me, and should any harm come to me or my friend, the Señor Strickland, I warn you that you will not reach your home alive. Gentlemen, I salute you," and I bowed and left the cabin.

"Friend, I thank you," I said to the señor, when he came upon deck after the dinner was ended. "Knowing who I am and seeing how, in common with my race, I am accustomed to be treated by such hounds as these, can you wonder that I am not fond of Mexicans?"

"No, Ignacio," he answered; "but all the same I advise you to be careful of this Don José. He is not a man to kiss the stick that beats him and will make an end of you, and me too for the matter of that, if he can."

"Do not be afraid, señor," I answered laughing; "besides the steward and Molas there are twenty Indians on board, most of them belonging to the tribe that dwells beyond Campeche, the unest race in Mexico. Two of these men are associates of the Heart and all the rest know my rank, and will watch that man day and night so that he can never come near us without finding them ready for him. Only we shall do well to sleep on deck and not below."

That night we spent, wrapped in our serapes, upon two coils of rope on the fore-castle of the *Santa Maria*, with Molas sleeping close behind us. It was a lovely night and we whiled away the hours in telling tales to each other of our adventures in past years, and in wonderings as to those that lay before us, till at length, fearing nothing, for we knew that

our safety was watched over, we fell asleep, to be awakened by the sudden stoppage of the vessel.

The day was on the point of dawn, a beautiful and pearly light lay upon the quiet surface of the sea, above us the stars still shone faintly in the heavens, but to the east the cloud banks were tinged with pink and violet. We sat up wondering what had happened, and saw the captain wrapped in a dirty blanket engaged in earnest conversation with the engineer, who wore a still dirtier shirt and nothing else. Hearing that something was wrong, the Señor James went to the captain and asked him why we had stopped.

"Because the engines won't go any more and there is no wind to sail with," he answered politely. "But have no fear, my comrade says that he can mend them up. He has nursed them for years and knows their weak points."

"Certainly there is not much to fear in weather like this," said the señor, "except delay."

"Nothing, nothing," replied the captain, glancing anxiously at a narrow black band of cloud, that lay on the rim of the horizon beneath the fleecy masses in which the lights of dawn were burning.

"Do you think that we are likely to have a norther?" asked the señor in his blunt white man's way.

"No, no," exclaimed the captain, crossing himself at the name of that evil power—*el Norte*, "but *quien sabe!* God makes the weather, not we poor sailors." And with another glance at the threatening line of cloud, he hurried away as though to avoid further conversation.

Presently the engines began to work again, though haltingly, like a lame mule, and as the morning drew on the day became clear and the thin black cloud vanished from the horizon. Towards three o'clock in the afternoon Molas, pointing to a low coast-line, and a spot on the sea where the ocean swell showed tipped with white, told us that yonder was the bar of the Grijalva river, and that behind it lay the village of Frontera, our destination.

"Good," said the señor, "then I think that I will get my things on deck," and going to his cabin he brought up a sack containing some wraps and food.

"Why do you fetch up your baggage?" asked the captain presently, "you may want it to-night."

"That is why I brought it up," he answered. "I do not wish to land at Frontera with nothing."

"Land at Frontera, señor? No one will land at Frontera



Among your friends are probably some great admirers of Mr. Rider Haggard's wonderful romances. By telling them of "Heart of the World" you would be doing both them and us a service.

from this ship for another six or seven days. We pass Frontera and run straight on to Campeche, which, by the blessing of the Saints, we shall reach to-morrow evening."

"But I have taken tickets for Frontera," said the sailor. The agent gave them to me and I insist upon being put on there then."

"That is quite right, señor. All being well we shall call at Frontera this day week, and then you can go ashore without extra charge, but before this my orders are to put into no port except Campeche, that is unless a norther forces me to do so."

"May the norther sink you, your ship, and your agents, and every thing you have to do with," answered the sailor in so angry a voice, that the Mexican passengers who were listening, began to laugh at the Englishman's discomfiture, though the more thoughtful of them crossed themselves to avert the evil omen.

Then followed a storm, for the señor, whose temper as I have said, was not of the coolest, raged and swore in no measured terms; the captain shrugged his shoulders and apologized, the passengers smiled, and seeing that there was no help for the matter, I looked on patiently, after the manner of my race. At length the captain fled, wiping his brow and exclaiming:

"What manner of men are these English that they make such a trouble about a little time? Mother of Heaven! why are they always in a hurry? Is not to-morrow as good as to-day and better?"

That evening we dined together upon deck, for neither of us were in any mood to descend to the cabin and meet Don José Moreno, of whom we had seen nothing since the previous night. As we were finishing our meal the light faded and the sky grew curiously dark, while suddenly to the north there appeared a rim of cloud similar to that which we had seen upon the horizon at dawn, but now it was of an angry red and glowed like the smoke from a smelting furnace at night.

"The sky looks very strange, Ignatio," said the señor to me, and at that moment we heard Molas and an Indian sailor speaking together in brief words.

"St. Norte," said Molas pointing towards the red rim of light.

"St. Norte," answered the sailor as he went towards the cabin.

Presently the captain hurried up the companion ladder and studied the sky, of which the aspect seemed to frighten him. In another minute the mate joined him, appearing from the engine hatch, and the two of them began to converse, or rather to dispute. I was sitting near, unobserved in the darkness, and, so far as I could gather, the mate was in favour of putting the ship about and running for Frontera, from which port we were now distant some forty miles.

On the other hand, the captain said that if they did so and the norther came up, it would catch them before they got there, and wreck them upon the bar of the Grijalva river; but he added that he did not believe there would be any norther, and if by ill-luck it should come, their best course was to stand for the open sea and ride it out.

The mate asserted that this would be an excellent plan if the ship were staunch and the engines to be relied on, but he declared loudly that they might as well try to sail a boat with a mast made of cigarettes, as attempt to lie head on to a gale with leaking boilers, worn-out engines, and a squeaky paddle-wheel.

After this the discussion grew fierce, and as full of oaths as a shark's mouth with teeth, but in the end the two sailors determined that their safest plan would be to hold on their present course, and, if necessary, round Point Campeche and take shelter behind Carmen Island, or, if they could, in the mouth of the Usumacinta river. Then they parted, the captain adjuring the mate to say nothing of the state of the weather to the passengers, and above all to that accursed Englishman, who had called this misfortune upon them because he was not put off at Frontera, and whose evil eye brought bad luck.

Another two hours passed without much change, except that the night grew darker and darker, and stiller and yet more still. The Señor Strickland, who had been walking up and down the deck smoking a cigar, came and sat beside me on a coil of rope, and asked me if I thought the norther was coming.

"Yes, it is coming," I answered, "and I fear that it will sink us, at least so say the Indian sailors."

"You take the idea of being drowned like a puppy in a sick very coolly, Ignatio. How far are we from Point Xicalango?"

"About twelve miles, I believe, and I take it coolly because there is no use in making an outcry. God will protect us if He chooses, and if He chooses He will drown us. It is childish to struggle against destiny."

"A true Indian creed, Ignatio," he answered; "you people sit down and say—'It is fate, let us accept it'—but one that I and the men of my nation do not believe in. If they had done so, instead of being the first country in the world to-day, England long ago would have ceased to exist, for many a time she has stood face to face with Fate and beaten him. For my part, if I must die, I prefer to die fighting. Tell me, are any of these people to be relied on if it comes to a pinch?"

"The Indian sailors are Campeche men and brave, also they know the coast, and if need be they will do anything that I tell them. For the rest I cannot say, but the captain seems to understand something of his business. Look and listen!"

As I spoke a vivid flash of lightning pierced the heavens above us, followed by a deafening peal of thunder. In its fierce and sudden glare we could see the coast some three or four miles away, and almost ahead of us the bolder outline of Point Xicalango. The water about our ship was dead calm, and slipped past her sides like oil; the smoke in the funnel rose almost straight into the air, where at a certain height

it twisted round and round, and a sail that had been hoisted flapped to and fro for lack of wind to draw it.

A mile or so to windward, however, was a different sight, for there came the norther, rushing upon us like a thing alive; in front of it a line of white billows torn from the quiet surface of the sea, and behind it, fretted by little lightnings, a dense wall of black cloud stretching from the face of ocean to the arc of heaven.

Now the captain, who was on deck, saw his danger, for if those billows caught us broadside on we must surely founder. In the strange silence that followed the boom of the thunder, he shouted to the helmsman to bring the ship head on to the sea, and to the sailors to batten down the after hatch, the only one that remained open; shutting the passengers, except ourselves and Molas, into the cabin.

His orders were obeyed well and quickly, the *Santa Maria* came round and began to paddle towards the open water and the advancing line of foam. It was terrible to see her, so small a thing, driving on thus into what appeared to be the very jaws of death. Now the unnatural quiet was broken, a low moaning noise thrilled through the air, the waters about the ship's side began to seethe and hiss, and spray flying ahead of the wind cut our faces like the lash of a whip.

A few more seconds and something white and enormous could be seen looming above our bows, and the sight of it caused the captain, whose face looked pale as death in the gleam of the lightnings, to shriek another order to his crew.

"Lie down and hold on tight to the rope," I said to the Señor Strickland and Molas, who were beside me, "here comes el Norte, and he brings death for many of us on board this ship."

(To be continued next week.)



THE MOST EXPOSED LIGHTHOUSE.

It has often been debated, "Which is the most exposed lighthouse in the world?" Among the competitors for this perilous position may be mentioned the Bishop Rock Lighthouse, off the westernmost rocks of the Scilly Isles, which are called on the spot, "the howling dogs of Scilly."

To the west of the uninhabited island of Annette stretch for six or seven miles innumerable reefs and submerged ledges of rock, among which the rapid tides surge and eddy with terrific force, when the rocks are clothed with white masses of foam and cataracts of raging, seething water, driven landwards under the impulse of a westerly gale. On the edge of these wild reefs the Bishop Rock stands sentinel, immersed at high water up to its chin.

Here the chief engineer to the Trinity Board determined to erect a stone tower, constructed of softer material than granite, and scarcely was the fabric completed before the tremendous hurricane, which arose on the night of February 5th, 1850, swept it bodily away. In its place a granite tower, as solid as the rock to which it is attached, has succeeded, and for nearly forty years it has now defied all the terrors of "the howling dogs of Scilly."

An attempt was first made to fix upon this rock an enormous wolf, constructed of copper, which was made hollow so as to emit sounds sufficiently loud to warn the mariner of his danger. The sea laughed, however, at the howling monster, and soon swept him away. In 1850 the Trinity House resolved to exorcise the demon by erecting a lighthouse on the submerged reef. It was a work of no ordinary danger and difficulty.

The foundation stone was laid in March, 1862, but only 83 hours' work could be done in that year, although every possible opportunity was eagerly seized. At length, in 1869, the last stone of the tower was laid, and the structure—perhaps the proudest work of the Messrs. Walker, engineers to the Trinity Board—was added to the guardian fortresses which, in the interests of peace, goodwill, and universal commerce, girdle the British Isles with their warning flashes of flame.

If a burnt child dreads the fire, why does a person who has been singed by Cupid's torch so often have a lingering regard for the old flame?

SHE: "Why, I'm not ready to marry, Mr. Freshman."
He: "Will you let me know when you are?"
"Certainly, sir. I'll send you a wedding-card."

TOMMY: "Pa, the teacher says that if a man gets dyspepsia it may make him bald-headed. Is that so?"
Mr. Figg: "It is."
Tommy: "Then if a man eats too much pie, would he be pie-bald?"

LADY (to Teacher): "I want to learn to play the piano."

Teacher (politely): "May I take the liberty of pointing out that you are beginning rather late, and will therefore never make a really good player?"

Lady (airily): "Oh, it doesn't matter at all. I only want to learn enough to give lessons!"

TAXES AND TAXATION.

Russia raises £30,000 a year by the sale of passports. A tax on dogs was levied in Rome during Nero's reign. In the time of Queen Anne soap was taxed £28 per ton.

In Portugal the tobacco tax brings £900,000, the land tax £700,000.

In parts of Peru taxes are paid on cocoa leaves and Peruvian bark.

The French people pay over £2,000,000 a year taxes on their windows.

The liquor tax yields the best returns to the Government in Russia, and the poorest in Norway.

The people of Europe pay their respective Governments £10,000,000 every year in taxes on salt.

The people of Europe, including Great Britain, disburse every year in taxes more than £670,000,000.

Finland is the least-taxed country in Europe. The total taxes amount to only 13s. per head of population.

Peter the Great levied a heavy tax on beards, not for purposes of revenue, but to compel his people to shave.

In Siam, until a few years ago, a heavy tax was levied on umbrellas. Every umbrella carrier had to pay.

In most parts of Syria, Palestine, and Arabia, fig-trees and date palms are counted, and a tax is levied on each tree.

The English income tax has been changed twenty times since 1842, varying from twopence in the pound to sixteenpence.

There are 2,054 persons in Great Britain who pay tax on an income of more than £5,000 a year, and 975 who pay taxes on more than £10,000.

Prior to the French Revolution both the nobility and the clergy of that country were exempt from taxation, and less than one-half the land had to bear the whole burden of taxation.

In South China the chopsticks are taxed, and a man who can prove that he has no chopsticks—that is, no reliable means of subsistence—may plead exemption from the capitation tax.

In England the tax on farming lands exceeds 10 per cent. of the value of the crops; in France it is 4.8 per cent.; in Germany, 3; in Austria, 4.9; in Italy, 7; in Belgium, 2.8; in India, 5.8.

There was no regularly-organised taxation during the Middle Ages. The king in theory owned all the land, and in time of war his vassals aided him with troops, who were maintained at the expense of the noblemen furnishing them. The crown lands supplied the needs of the king and his Court.

A GOOD REASON FOR SKIPPING.

He was worried as he sat over the six little bundles that he carried. They would drop from his arms or roll from side to side. But, being chivalrous, as all men are, he moved along when the lady in the white flannel dress entered the railway carriage.

Now his bundles harassed him still more. His endeavours to keep them from dropping aroused his friend's amusement.

"Did your wife send you shopping?" he inquired.
"Oh, yes, but I don't mind that. All I'm afraid of is losing one of my bundles."

After the train had shot round the curve he began to count the parcels again.

"There, I knew it!" he cried in a tone of anxiety. "I've lost one."

"Anything of value in it?" queried his friend self-itorally.

The other paid no attention to the question.

"One, two, three, four, five," he counted. "I had six, and here are five. One's gone," he observed gloomily.

"Can't you tell what it contained?"

"Wait, I'll see. This is cotton, this is braid, this is buttons, this is soap, and this is ink. Oh, my eye!"

"What's up?" queried his friend.

The man with the bundles glanced about him nervously.

"Sh!" he whispered. "Don't speak loud. I remember what was in the package I lost."

"What was it?"

"Half a dozen eggs. You see, my doctor has ordered me to drink milk and egg every night. They haven't always fresh ones at home, so I make it a rule to bring some up with me. Oh, Jerusalem, but I've done it now!" he groaned.

"Why, what is the matter? Where did you drop the eggs?"

"I didn't drop 'em at all. But I know where I lost 'em. Great Scott! I got out at the next station."

"No, you don't. You live three stations on."

"Yes, but I leave this train at the next station if it costs a leg. I'm going to skip before war breaks out." He began to edge nearer the door.

"Why are you so frightened?" insisted the friend.

"You see that lady to whom I gave my seat?" whispered the other.

"Yes."

"She looks smiling and unconscious now, doesn't she?"

"Yes."

"Well, she is sitting on those eggs. I left the package on the seat."

The friend grinned. The man with the parcels bolted as the train stopped.

If you stick to "P.W."
Nothing will trouble you.

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FICTION.

A SAGACIOUS CAT.—The demand for stories illustrating the sagacity and goodness of animals seems to be insatiable. The more incredible these stories are the more widely they are circulated. There are a good many incidents in early Roman history which severely tax the credulity of the most earnest believer in the greatness of the Romans, and the stories told by enthusiastic spiritualists seem to unbelievers in spiritualism to be occasionally somewhat improbable; but there are stories told of animals by eminent and comparatively conscientious zoologists in comparison with which the wildest efforts of early Roman historians and of modern spiritualists are probable, and even prosaic.

Of course, we cannot doubt these stories, for they are told by scientific men, and it is well known that a scientific man is always truthful, except when discussing the theories of a rival scientific man. Still, some of the more elaborate of these stories do inflict a terrible strain upon the credulity of any except the strongest men.

For example, there is the anecdote of the elephant to whom a wicked boy in the circus gave a large piece of gingerbread, in the centre of which he had cunningly concealed two ounces of red pepper. Instead of swallowing this delicacy, and afterwards undergoing pleasing agonies, the beast affectionately wound one leg round the boy, prised open his mouth with a tusk, and, holding the gingerbread with the extremity of his trunk, gently sifted the entire quantity of pepper down the boy's throat, amid the cheers of the admiring public.

There, too, is the story of the country doctor, who was returning home late at night, and in the thickest of a winter fog. The doctor was riding a horse which he had owned for many years, and knew to be so sagacious that he was accustomed to fall asleep on the horse's back, and to leave the animal to find the way home. On this particular night the doctor was, as usual, fast asleep, and the horse, on reaching a river which was ordinarily fordable, found that a freshet had taken place, and that the river was a raging torrent. In these circumstances the intelligent animal crossed the river by walking carefully over a telegraph wire that had become detached from its poles and was lying stretched from bank to bank.

And then there is the story of the benevolent dog who lost an entire litter of pups just at the time that a hen of her acquaintance ventured too near a gipsy encampment and left a family of fourteen young chickens to mourn her untimely loss. The dog instantly adopted the chickens, nursed them with the tenderest care and assiduity, and brought them all to a state of maturity, although they ever afterwards displayed an abnormal fondness for bones, and insisted on sleeping in the dog-kennel and on cackling loudly at the moon on moonlight nights.

These stories, it need hardly be said, are strictly true, for they are told on the authority of men distinguished in the scientific world; but hardly anyone who has not been carefully trained to believe difficult things could believe them without the aid of some powerful mental tonic.

Undoubtedly the following incident, illustrating the extraordinary intelligence of a cat, will be disbelieved by a few bold and reckless sceptics, but there is every reason to believe that it is fully three-fourths as true as the average animal anecdote of the sort with which the public is already so familiar.

About a year ago Mr. Martin, of No. 207, Finsbury Square, had the electric light introduced into his house, and for a time it afforded him much satisfaction, although he never felt that he thoroughly understood it, and was never quite certain that it was a perfectly safe thing to have in the house. During the intensely cold weather of last winter Mr. Martin went to bed at the usual hour, and was subjected to the usual questions in regard to the locking up of the house and the extinguishing of lights, with which all married men are familiar. To these, however, Mrs. Martin added a new and startling question. She asked, in her severest tone:

"Mr. Martin! Did you think to turn on the electricity before you came to bed?"

To this Mr. Martin replied that he had not turned on the electricity, and that nobody but a woman would think of keeping the electricity burning at an hour when decent people put out their lights for the night.

"Then!" exclaimed Mrs. Martin, arranging her pillow, "that electricity will be sure to freeze and burst before morning, and we shall have it running all over everything and spoiling all the carpets and ceilings in the house."

In vain did Mr. Martin insist that he had never heard that electricity would freeze, and he did not believe that there was the slightest danger of the calamity so confidently predicted by his wife. Mrs. Martin inflexibly maintained that he should have let the electricity run in the bath-room, just as he had let the water run, and that, if he was not utterly selfish and unfeeling, he would get up at once and attend to the matter. But Mr. Martin, as his best friends are compelled to admit, an obstinate man, and he totally refused to get up, remarking that the electricity might burst and blow up the whole house for all that he cared.

It happened that in the course of the night the thermometer descended to a disgracefully low degree, and as

Mrs. Martin had predicted, the electric wire burst, and the electricity began to leak. The leak was in the bath-room, and when morning came, and Mr. Martin awoke, he smelt such strong smells of electricity that he at once knew that something was wrong, even without the aid of Mrs. Martin's assertion that she had told him when he went to bed what would be sure to happen.

Mr. Martin at once rose and investigated the matter. His nose guided him to the bath-room door, under which a small stream of electricity was running. Comprehending that the room must be filled with the escaping fluid, he wisely refrained from entering it. He went down stairs into the butler's pantry, where he found that the electricity had already ruined the ceiling, and he was about to go down to the cellar, when, as he opened the cellar door, the family cat sprang out to meet him.

Knowing the sagacity of cats, and their intimate acquaintance with electricity, he resolved to watch the animal, in the hope of gaining some clue as to the wisest course to pursue in the peculiar circumstances of the case.

The cat smelt the escaping electricity, and took in the situation at once. She examined the whole house, and then, with impressive gestures, asked to be let out of the back door. Mr. Martin instantly let her out. To his unspeakable astonishment she climbed up an iron waste-pipe that ran from the ground to the roof of the house, passing close to the window of the bath-room. When the animal reached the sill of the bath-room window she placed her tail in contact with the escaped electricity, which covered the bath-room floor, and placed her nose firmly against the iron waste-pipe.

Instantly a stream of electricity flowed over her back from the bath-room to the waste-pipe, and so to the ground. For nearly three hours this stream continued to flow, the devoted cat never once changing her position, although she must have suffered severely from cramps in the tail. While this stream was flowing, the cat was enveloped in a brilliant shower of sparks, but at the end of two hours and fifty-three minutes, by Mr. Martin's watch, the ingenious animal had completely emptied the bath-room of electricity, so that her master could safely enter the room, and stop the leak with a little white lead, which he happened to have in the house, and which the cat brought to him in her mouth.

It is needless to say that Mr. Martin is proud of his cat. So are Mr. Martin's neighbours, though their admiration for the cat is surpassed by their admiration for the master. There is a general feeling that Mr. Martin is one of the ablest living liars, and that his "Anecdotes of Animals" are superior to those of the most eminent of contemporary naturalists.

THE SONG OF THE HEN.

A MINSTREL am I of a single lay,
But I sing it the whole day long;
In the crowded coop or the breezy way
I warble my simple song.
Only an egg, with its clear white shell—
The sea hath no pearl more fair—
And over that spheroid I cackle and yell,
And holloa and wrestle and tear.

Oh, a frail weak thing is my ovate gem,
As it lies in my straw-lined nest;
But it raketh the orator stern and stem
When it catcheth him on the crest!
There is might in its weakness, and, when it goes
Down the afternoon of life,
It can lead a strong man by the nose
When it mixes itself in the strife.

I am no sluggard; the hawk that swoops
Must hunt for me under the thatch,
And yet in the field or the noisy coops
I always come up to the scratch.
So I sing the only lay that I know,
In numbers becomingly meek,
Because, though "my son never sets," I know
That my life may be ended next week.

SHE: "Papa says that when coming to see me you must not come in a 'bus any more."

HE: "Really! Does he expect me to walk all this distance?"

SHE: "Of course not. He says all he asks is that you will come in a carriage, hired by the hour."

A LOCAL band was one day playing at Dunfermline, when an old weaver came up and asked the bandmaster what that was they were playing.

"That is 'The Death of Nelson,'" solemnly replied the bandmaster.

"Ay, man," remarked the weaver, "ye ha'e gien him an awfu' death."

"O-o-o!" exclaimed Mrs. Parkins, at a London restaurant. "There's a fly in this soup!"

Mr. Parkins has been about the world more than his wife, and has grown cautious.

"Hush, my dear," he said, "don't speak so loud. No use exposin' our ignorance. This bill of fare is in French, and maybe we ordered fly-soup."

FACTS.

THE eyeball is white because the blood vessels that feed its substance are so small that they do not admit the red corpuscles.

THE ears of most defenceless animals, like the rabbit, are turned backwards, because these creatures are in constant apprehension of pursuit. Hunting animals have their ears turned forward.

THE strongest muscle is in the calf of the leg, because locomotion is one of the most necessary functions. The great muscle of the calf has been found, by actual experiment, to be capable of sustaining seven times the weight of the body.

A CLERGYMAN in New South Wales complains that out of 117 marriages which he has celebrated within the last year, in twenty-nine cases he has been called out of bed between eleven at night and six in the morning. He never knows when he is to have a peaceful night, and all on account of a freak of fashion in his parish.

WHEN one of the late Emperor Alexander's visits to Warsaw was announced, there was no time to clear the streets of a quantity of mud which had been scraped up in heaps by the roadside. The police (Russians) ordered the windows of the ground floor of the houses in these streets to be opened, and threw the mud into the rooms.

A GERMAN doctor has been publishing the results of a long course of visual examination. He finds that only in one case out of fifteen are both eyes in good condition. In seven cases out of every ten people possess one eye which is stronger than the other. In two cases out of five patients are affected with astigmatism. Nearly 50 per cent. possess only an imperfect appreciation of colours.

A CURIOUS feature of Chinese coins, the nailmark, appears to have originated in an accident very characteristic of China. In the time of Queen Wentek a model in wax of a proposed coin was brought for Her Majesty's inspection. In taking hold of it she left on it the impression of one nail, and the impression has in consequence been a marked characteristic of Chinese coins for hundreds of years.

PUBLIC executions in Paris prove very profitable to the owners of houses commanding the scene. Windows are let out for the occasion, the landlords watching for the first sign of the execution, and then at once sending word to the persons who have hired the room. If an ordinary criminal is executed the charge is usually about 15s. per place, but should the offender have committed any remarkable crime the price runs up to £6.

THERE are no fewer than 43,000 Shudder-Romance colporteurs who earn their bread by the sale of the weekly numbers of these novels in Germany and Austria. The subscribers are estimated at about 20,000,000! These novels of crime and horror are not complete in one number like those in our comparatively innocent penny novelettes, but usually run to about 150 weekly numbers, and rarely conclude in less than 100 numbers.

THERE is a curious disease which prevails in Senegal and along the western interior of Africa, the symptom of which is a gradually increasing torpor, until the victim can no longer keep awake, and falls into a deep sleep, from which nothing can rouse him. The disease is endemic along the valley of the Congo, but seems only to attack natives. It is invariably fatal. It has been suggested that a poisonous fungus growing on the native grain crops might be responsible, but so far there is no evidence whatever to support this explanation.

A CURIOUS source of wealth is reported by the French Consul at Mongtze, in Upper Tonkin. It lies in wood mines. The wood originally was a pine forest, which the earth swallowed in some cataclysm. Some of the trees are a yard in diameter. They lie in a slanting direction, and in sandy soils which cover them to a depth of about eight yards. As the top branches are well preserved it is thought the geological convulsion which buried them cannot be of very great antiquity. The wood furnished by these timber mines is imperishable, and the Chinese gladly buy it for coffins.

HERR A. WIELER has published his researches on bleeding plants. He finds that there are 439 species of voluntarily bleeding plants. Phænogamous plants, as a rule, bleed—that is, a fluid is secreted apart from the sap that flows when the plant is injured. He made several experiments, and found that the bleeding can be prevented by altering the temperature of the plant. In one experiment, by reducing the oxygen and increasing the hydrogen in the surrounding atmosphere, he discovered that the bleeding stopped in proportion to the amount of oxygen left in the plant. He comes to the conclusion that bleeding is produced by oxidation in the presence of light.

I hereby certify that the premium in respect of PEARSON'S WEEKLY £1,000 RAILWAY INSURANCE, and also of the BURGLARY and HOUSEBREAKING INSURANCE, has been paid up to Sept. 25th, 1894, and that therefore every purchaser of PEARSON'S WEEKLY is insured with this Company against Fatal Railway Accidents to the extent of ONE THOUSAND POUNDS under the conditions named in the coupon on page 119, and against Burglary and Housebreaking to the extent and under the conditions named in the coupon on page 120.

Robert Paul

"Home Notes," though barely eight months old, has a far larger circulation than any other ladies' paper. Why? Because it is something quite novel, and a paper that, besides pleasing mind and eye, saves its readers money. To prove the truth of this assertion will cost you but a penny, and that penny will save you many a pound.

RAILWAY RIGHTS AND WRONGS.

Workmen's Tickets.
It would be a good thing if other Railway Companies would follow the example of the North London Railway in dealing out workmen's tickets. Every morning such vast numbers of would-be passengers invade the booking-office at Dalston Junction that it has been found impossible to supply them all with tickets without a great deal of crowding and inconvenience. An automatic machine has therefore been erected, and, by placing two pennies in a slot, an ordinary workman's return ticket is delivered. A similar machine is in operation at Homerton Station, and several correspondents have written to express their approval of the innovation.

Alighting at Different Stations.
Besides bearing strongly on a question which was recently raised by a correspondent in these columns, the following case is one which it behoves all railway travellers to bear in mind:—At the Dewsbury County Court the other day, his Honour Judge Cudman delivered judgment in the case brought by the Great Northern Railway Company against a person named Kilburn, to recover one penny. His Honour stated that the Company contracted with the defendant to carry him from Bradford to Drighlington, at a charge of 6d. Kilburn left Bradford by train and upon arrival at Drighlington he left the train and made inquiry of one of the Company's servants (a porter) as to the amount of the fare to Batley, and whether he might travel by that train to Batley and pay the difference at the latter place.

He was answered that the fare was 3d., and that he might travel by that train. This the defendant did, and upon his arrival at Batley he gave up the ticket for Drighlington and tendered 6d. in money, which was refused. The through fare from Bradford to Batley was 9d. After considering the bye-laws of the Company upon which they relied he (the Judge) was of opinion that the defendant did not come within the meaning of bye-law No. 1, as the Company's servant, with the knowledge that Kilburn was without a ticket, permitted him to re-enter and travel by the train in question. No. 3 bye-law did not apply, as the defendant neither used nor endeavoured to use the ticket issued to him for any other station than that for which it was available. The only original contract was that the Company should carry the defendant from Bradford to Drighlington, and this contract was completed and terminated when the defendant left the train at Drighlington. He held that the second journey—viz., from Drighlington to Batley, was an entirely new transaction from the original contract, and that there was no sum due from the defendant to the plaintiffs. He, therefore, gave a verdict for the defendant. The Company would have leave to appeal, but must bear their own costs in any event.

About Things Perishable. J. B. recently sent a parcel from Fareham (Hants) to Portland by the S.W.R. containing perishable goods, and addressed to a friend on board H.M.S. Resolution. The parcel was marked "Perishable. To be delivered immediately." It was not delivered immediately, however. In fact, it was not delivered at all, for the good reason that H.M.S. Resolution had sailed away. The parcel was despatched on Friday; the good ship lost her moorings on Monday; a post-card arrived on Wednesday asking for instructions as to the disposal of the box. The Railway Company were asked to return it to Fareham; 1s. 6d. had been paid for the original carriage down; 1s. 6d. was demanded for the return journey. And this is what J. B. grumbles at. It appears to him that the Company had plenty of time from Friday to Monday to deliver the parcel, and, to make matters worse, the goods, which were really perishable, were completely spoiled before they arrived at Fareham.

A Railway Company is under no greater responsibility for carrying goods marked "Perishable" than any other goods not paid for at a special rate. The word "Perishable" voluntarily placed upon them is only equivalent to the word "Immediate" put outside a letter, which amuses the postman and that is all. The Company, however, are bound to deliver all goods within a reasonable period, the facts in each case being a question for the Court, and in this instance a great deal would probably depend on whether "Friday to Monday" means Friday morning to Monday night, or Friday night to Monday morning. If a Company be asked to deliver goods on board a ship which has left port before the goods arrive, and there be no negligence on the part of the Company, they would certainly be entitled to a reasonable charge for bringing back the goods to the consignor. On the other hand, if there were negligence the Company would not be entitled to charge either for taking the goods or bringing them back, to say nothing of their responsibility for damages for the loss of perishable articles owing to the negligence.

I have received many inquiries as to whether or not the replies to correspondents appearing in this column are to be taken as authoritative expressions of the law on the subject. Some months ago I made arrangements with a gentleman whose knowledge of railway law and experience in railway litigation give him power to speak with unquestionable authority, and all the replies which embody legal points are carefully considered by him. The travelling readers of P.W. may therefore confidently stand by our decisions, and will find that if we often save them not only time but money to write to us on any difficult point of Railway law which may arise.

A STRANGE WAY OF MOVING.

It was the 1st of October, the day on which Mr. Doak and family were to remove into other quarters. "Where did you order the furniture van, hubby?" inquired Mrs. Doak. "Ah, the furniture van! I quite forgot it, I declare!" was the meek rejoinder. "But, stay! I have an idea; just you leave it to me." He snatched up his hat and went to see a well-known money-lender. "I want £300," said Doak. "I never lend money without ample security." "I can let you have my furniture, and am prepared to pay you interest at the rate of one-third per cent. per diem." "That makes 122 per cent. per annum," silently calculated the usurer, and consented. "But as the sheriff's officer may come any minute and seize the furniture you will have to fetch it away at once." "I see," grinned the usurer; "it shall be done." He counted out the money and sent for the furniture. The next day Mr. Doak called again, and paid back the £300 and one-third per cent. interest (£1) and directed the furniture to be sent to his new residence. The usurer had to grin and bear it, whilst Mr. Doak congratulated himself on effecting a cheap and expeditious removal of his household goods.

SELF-DECEIVED MURDERERS.

A MURDERER is convicted of his crime and dies on the scaffold protesting his innocence. What then? Why, thousands of unthinking people who hold to the popular superstition that a man about to be ushered into eternity always confesses any great crime he has committed, will believe him to be the victim of circumstantial evidence and the law. Their belief in this old superstition is as tenacious as groundless beliefs usually are; for fact does not support it. Few murderers ever confess their crimes. As a rule they persist in the assertion of their innocence. More—I believe that nine murderers out of ten who so declare themselves are perfectly sincere. It is so to a great extent with convicts. In the first place, a murderer declares his innocence to his counsel. The lawyer who would permit his client to confess his guilt is very rare. He pleads "Not guilty" when arraigned. He has friends who insist that he is innocent. Every caller encourages him. His lawyer appeals to the jury as the counsel of an innocent man. Where there is a long-drawn fight the prisoner succeeds in making himself believe that he is a martyr. If you doubt this line of reasoning, you can easily test it. Let off what you allege is an original pun in the presence of five men. Within three months at least three out of the five will claim to be the originator, and honestly believe it. It is one of the easiest things in the world to deceive oneself. I have talked with as many as fifty dying convicts, or convicts who were sick unto death, but each and everyone stoutly declared his innocence. It is an hallucination, born of brooding in the dark hours of the night. It is cultivated by circumstances, and at a certain stage the prisoner proves his innocence to his own satisfaction, and expects all the world to believe it as well. Every condemned man is allowed spiritual consolation. He is told to confess and hope for forgiveness. He is warned against passing into eternity with falsehood on his lips. It is falsehood he utters, yet he believes it to be the truth.

MR. GRUMP: "I can't see, my dear, what good that border of fur does round the hem of your skirt."
MRS. GRUMP: "Why, it shows that I can afford it."

It is considered a great compliment in the East to say to a young girl, "Your skin is as clear and beautiful as the fresh peel of an onion just drawn out from between its flakes!"

THEN HE SPOKE.—"We went skating on Christmas Day. I tried hard to get him to propose; but there we sat, and though he saw I knew what he was thinking of he just remained silent until I hit upon an idea."
"What was it?"
"I dug my skates with some force into the slippery surface, and asked him to notice how easy it was to break the ice."

"This is your little sister, Tommy," said his father, showing him the baby. "You will love her dearly, will you not?"
"Y-yes, od course," replied Tommy, inspecting the latest arrival; "but it'll cost a good deal to keep her, won't it?"
"I presume so."
"Yes," said Tommy, with a long-drawn breath. "And when I asked you the other day to buy me a white rabbit you said you couldn't afford it."

FAR BELOW ZERO.

We have heard some exciting Yankee stories, but never remember to have come across a more truly blood-curdling narrative than the following. You may not believe it, of course. "When I was out on the Platte in 1872," said the major, "I had an experience that I wonder didn't turn my hair grey. I was camped all alone on the side of that historic stream, and had occasion to go for some water to boil my beans in. First thing I knew I stepped plump into a quicksand. I knew what was up at once, and felt that I was gone. And I am willing to admit that I was scared. In fact, that is how I came to escape. As I stood there, with that horrible sand dragging, dragging, dragging at me like some living monster, I turned colder and colder. Do what I could, my teeth would keep on chattering, though I knew that every vibration of my jaw was shaking me further down into that ready-made grave. And I grew colder and colder. Suddenly I noticed that I had stopped sinking."
"Struck bottom, eh?"
"Bottom nothing! I had grown so cold from horror and—fear—I may as well admit it—that I had actually frozen the water in the quicksand—frozen the whole business solid, sir, solid!"

A DESCENDANT OF THE LORD PROTECTOR.

OLIVER CROMWELL WILKINS.

"Gorse racing" is a pretty expensive game, whether the race be viewed (as in the case of the Swansea Races) from a Welsh mountain or (in the case of the Doncaster St. Leger) from a Yorkshire flat; and the wag who called racing "The Sport of Kings" was not far wrong if the regal expenditure is taken into consideration. In the towns and villages where racing fixtures are held, the inhabitants expect to, and more often than not do, succeed in obtaining from the advent of the army of race-goers enough money to pay their annual rent and a good deal towards their annual support.

But the most expensive race meeting in the kingdom is that held at the latter end of July in the extensive Sussex Park, owned by the Duke of Richmond, and called the "Goodwood Race Meeting." It is quite five miles from the nearest railway station at Chichester to the race-course, and quite an army of flymen travel annually to that Cathedral town. A five-pound note is the fare asked for a drive to the racecourse and back from the town, besides fees to the gipsies, who swarm the green hills with horses and ropes to aid the "fly" drivers in their ascent.

"A brandy-and-soda and a good cigar" is the modest refreshment indulged in by the "fly" man, when asked "What will you take?" by the fare; and the natives are about equally reasonable in their demands for board and lodging. The barbers reject any coin which is not a fair-sized silver one; and even the tramps raise their voices and their prices. The old whine of "Chuck us a copper, guv'nor" is discarded. "Chuck us a tanner, guv'nor," is the order of the week.

Having business at Goodwood, the writer, having previous experience, elected to drive his horse and trap to his destination, and trust to Providence for such accommodation as he might be able to procure.

After much difficulty a shelter was found for the animal and vehicle. I had just finished, with the assistance of my man, making the horse as comfortable as circumstances would allow, when I was startled by a weak and plaintive voice asking: "Do you want a lodging, sir?" Turning, I beheld an old man, bent, not so much by the weight of years, as by hardship and toil. The old fellow, who had come in so softly that I was scarcely aware of his presence, had donned his Sunday black (a suit which might have been fashionable fifty years or more ago), and was on the look-out for lodgers during Goodwood week. Despairing of finding better accommodation, I went with the old man.

The cottage where my guide dwelt was one of a number, away from the road in a valley. Although my guide was an old man, he had married a second time, and a young shrewish wife and a second family were in evidence. A lad not yet thirteen seemed to have all the care of the household. The old man could have little time to assist his wife, for, in addition to his ordinary labour, he had to journey five miles out and five miles home to his work.

Where my host and hostess slept and where the children were packed I cannot tell; but even in the largest room of the cottage, where I took the small ancient wooden four-poster, and my man bivouacked on a mattress on the floor, a small washstand all but filled the room, and left no space behind.

While discussing breakfast I observed, suspended framed from the wall of the humble apartment, a written psalm or prayer in beautiful calligraphy. I should not have noticed this writing in the frame, except as an ornament or covering to the bare walls, were it not for the fact that it was signed, "Oliver Cromwell Wilkins, aged fourteen years."

"What a singular name to give the boy," I said to the father when I saw the old man later in the day. "Well, he is entitled to it," replied old Wilkins, "for my first wife, that boy's mother, was the direct descendant of Richard, the eldest son of the Protector."

"SOSIES."

THERE exist in Paris a number of persons who pass half their lives in cultivating their resemblance to some Emperor, King, or President. One of these eccentric beings died the other day. His mania was to represent M. Carnot. He had several competitors, but none succeeded so well as he.

Where he came from is not known, but he might have been seen almost every day strolling in the Champs-Élysées or in the Boulevards, where his likeness to the chief of the State often deceived the passers-by. It was even said that on one occasion the President's secretary was deceived by him.

His predecessors, MM. Grévy and Thiers, particularly the latter, were not so easy to imitate, but they had their "sosies" all the same, and one could hardly distinguish the real from the counterfeit President.

Napoleon III. had many of these striking images. M. Godillot, the great army contractor, who died a few months ago, was one of them. His likeness to the Emperor was natural, and not made up. The new President doesn't appear to have any "sosies" yet.

FIT FOR NEITHER MAN NOR BEAST.

A YORKSHIRE squire of the good old-fashioned sort met one day the vicar of the parish, a young man, who had been recently appointed to the living, and, wishing to be as hospitable to him as he had been to his predecessor, he invited him to drop in some night "and have a glass and a bit crack."

The parson, who practised the mortifying of the flesh, replied that he did not drink.

"Well, well," said the old man, "be ye can tak' a draw at the pipe with me."

The reply was:

"I am very sorry, but I do not smoke."

Such unheard-of abstinence completely astounded the squire, and his surprise prevented him from speaking for a few moments.

Then he suddenly asked:

"Do ye eat grass?"

"Eat grass? Certainly not. I do not understand."

"Well, well! Ye don't drink; ye don't smoke—ye're a queer 'un—and ye don't eat grass. Why, man, ye're fit company for neither man nor beast!"

MODERN UTOPIAS.

UTOPIAN ideas do not thrive in these days. It is only a few weeks since news arrived of the failure of the Freeland expedition. Now we hear that another attempt is coming to grief, and more than seven years' endeavour to show that the thing was possible. This is the colony of Topolobampo, in Mexico.

Of course, these Utopias all differ, and each promoter thinks his idea is the best. Topolobampo was to realise the Socialistic dream of an ideal community. Three Americans—Mr. Howland, his sister, and Mr. Owen—formed a company, with 100,000 shares of 10 dollars each, and purchased 250,000 acres of land. Each share represented a "lot" in the new colony, and shares could only be sold back to the company, not to outsiders.

Officials were to be elected by the people, and paid according to their work. State payments were to be made in paper securities, which would form the currency, and could be exchanged for shares in the company. The smallest details of daily life were to be regulated by law. Doctors and lawyers should be paid employees, wines and other alcoholic drinks should be sold only for domestic use, and obtainable only at the company's own stores.

Smoking was to be discouraged. Churches would not be allowed, but people might worship what they pleased in their own homes. And much more of the same kind of thing. But these arrangements soon had to be altered when the colonists settled down, and the members of the community were allowed to state their own ideas and arrange matters in the Forum.

About four hundred people first made the journey to the new Utopia in 1886, and they had to rough it; but in time, in spite of desertions, they settled down. Co-operation was the basis of all that was done. Every bushel of corn, fruit, etc., grown went to a common fund. Every labourer received payment in paper, with which he could purchase from the company such things as he required. Each received the same payment—three dollars (12s. 6d.) a day—whether working as a labourer on the ranch or as a teacher in the school. Sunday was a day of recreation.

This worked fairly well at first, but as time went on dissensions arose, the colonists became discouraged and discontented. There was no future to look forward to, and we all look for better things "in the future." Now we hear that dissension and discontent have reached such a pitch that the colonists are leaving Topolobampo, and it is jestingly suggested that European Governments should combine to buy the colony, and should send there all those who profess Anarchist doctrines, in order to give them a chance of putting their ideas into practice!

AN EXCITING OCCUPATION.

IN the metal refineries in Birmingham there is no lack of excitement of a certain kind. A good deal of scrap metal, bought for the melting-pots, comes from the Continent, where, it seems, carelessness has almost reached the rank of a virtue. It is a common thing to find loaded bombs among the refuse.

Recently a scientific and up-to-date bomb was in a cargo of scrap iron shipped to Amsterdam, and a workman just missed shovelling it into the furnace. It weighed only two pounds, but it would have done damage altogether disproportionate to its size, for, on being tenderly dissected in the firm's laboratory, the little stranger was found to contain a quarter of a pint of nitro-glycerine.

THE SPARE BED.

THE bed of honour may be attractive, but the "spare bed" of most country homes is the dread of the occasional visitor. A good story is told of an eminent bishop, who was quartered at the house of the wealthiest resident of a certain village while his wife was away.

He is a slim man, and on this occasion, when his host inquired in the morning how he had slept, and hoped he had passed an agreeable night, he answered, with some vehemence: "No, I did not; I passed a very disagreeable night indeed."

The bishop departed, and when the wife of his host returned she naturally inquired who had been in the house in her absence.

"Bishop P—," said the husband.

"Bishop P—! Where did you put him to sleep?"

"In the spare bed, of course."

"In the spare bed!" shrieked the horrified matron. "Why, I put all the silver under the mattress before I went away."

A PUZZLED DEPOSITOR.

A GROCER in a well-known Scottish watering-place some years ago kept, in addition to his grocery, the local post and telegraph office. He was in fairly comfortable circumstances, having to his credit in the local bank several hundred pounds.

He was awakened one morning rather earlier than usual by the ringing of the bell in connection with the telegraph instrument in his shop. Hastily dressing, he proceeded to take off the message.

It was from the head office of a Scotch bank to the local bank agent, the gist of the message being to stop all payments at once.

Here was a "how-d'ye-do." This was the bank in which my friend had his money. What was he to do? Deliver the message at once, and bid good-bye to his cash for an indefinite period, perhaps for ever, or delay the message until he had withdrawn his deposit?

Suddenly a bright idea occurred to him. While it was his duty to take off the telegraphic messages, it was not his duty to personally deliver them, and, as this was an unusually early message, the boy telegraph messenger would not arrive for some time. He proceeded to the bank, withdrew his deposit, and on his return sent the message to the bank—by the usual messenger.

THE WITTY RETORT AT PUBLIC MEETINGS.

"A CURIOUS thing about political oratory and wit is the side-light I got upon one aspect of it years ago," said a prominent politician to me the other day.

"One morning a quaint-looking old chap came into my office and said that he had read in the newspapers that I was to speak at a mass meeting the following night, and wanted to know if it was true. When I told him that it was so he revealed to me a new method of gaining oratorical distinction. He volunteered to interrupt my speech at stated intervals with a remark that should be agreed upon between us. To this interjection I was to retort wittily, and thus acquire a reputation as a witty speaker."

"My first impression was that he was amusing himself at my expense, but he repeated to me several things I could reply to wittily, and wanted me to pay him roundly for helping me to a reputation. But I told him I was indifferent to that kind of fame, and he went away disappointed."

"Not very long after that I was seated on a stage listening to a speaker, when who should rise in the audience but my quaint visitor, and bawl out one of the very things he wanted me to pay him for interrupting me with. The orator answered him with the same retort that I was offered the privilege of making, and the audience exploded into laughter, and I heartily joined in, but my amusement had not the same foundation, I fancy, as that of the rest of the laughers."

"And during the rest of the evening the old fellow made an occasional interruption from different parts of the house, and the retorts were of the same manufactured sort. I am a trifle sceptical now on the subject of witty retorts."

THE SECRET OF THE CENTENARIAN.

AN investigation of the habits and nature of centenarians by a gentleman of a statistical turn of mind affords some very interesting information to those persons who would like to live one hundred years or more. These inquiries into the manners and customs of centenarians show that they were almost invariably lean people, of spare habits, and great moderation in eating and drinking.

Three out of thirty-seven took no animal food, four took very little, twenty a little, nine a moderate amount, and only one acknowledged taking much meat. The returns with regard to alcohol are much the same, and abstemiousness is found to be the rule of life with these centenarians. Two took very little alcohol, sixteen a little, eight a moderate amount, and eleven had been total abstainers during the whole or part of their lives.

NOT THE COSTUME.

AMONGST the pages of interesting anecdotes concerning the late Lord Lytton, the novelist, which are to be found in Sir William Fraser's book, perhaps the most extraordinary is that the truth of which is vouched for by the solicitor who acted for Lady Lytton during the difficulties between herself and her husband.

Not long after their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Lytton Bulwer were travelling in an open carriage along the Riviera, between Genoa and Spezia. Mr. Bulwer was dressed in the somewhat fantastic costume which he then affected, and as they were passing one of the many villages close to the sea, a handsome girl, standing at one of the doors, seemed to be very interested in them. Mr. Bulwer, with somewhat ill-advised complacency, turned to his wife and said:

"Did you notice how that girl looked at me?"

The lady, with an acidity which developed to an extraordinary extent in later life, replied:

"The girl was not looking at you in admiration; if you wear that ridiculous dress no wonder people stare at you."

Whereupon the bridegroom, with an admirable sense of logic, returned:

"You think that people are staring at my dress, and not at me; I will give you the most convincing proof that your theory has no foundation."

He then proceeded to divest himself of almost every particle of clothing except his hat and boots, and mounting beside the coachman, drove for ten miles in this state.

WHY EAT IT?

THERE is a growing feeling of repugnance against the disgusting habit of eating game in an advanced state of decomposition—a fact, I should fancy, which most people will regard with the liveliest satisfaction.

If it was merely disgusting, perhaps it would be a matter of no great concern whether the custom were allowed to fall into disuse or not, because good taste is a matter of education, and the food which is regarded with loathing at the beginning of a century is considered an epicurean dish towards its declining days. "High" meat is, however, above all things, unwholesome, and one of our most celebrated London physicians has declared that an incredible number of the cases of indigestion which come under his notice are solely the effect of eating game in an unnatural state.

No one can pretend to be surprised at this. It is an every-day occurrence to hear of whole families being "poisoned" by eating bad meat, and although fashion may draw a line between venison when it is high and beef or mutton when it is turned, it is powerless to alter the laws of diet and hygiene, which are better comprehended to-day than they have ever been before.

The excuse for eating venison "well-flavoured" and decayed disappeared with the old coaching days and the introduction of the present railway system. In our forefathers' time it was a question of days and weeks instead of hours to bring this delicate product of the Highlands to the larders of English country houses, and although it is a matter of surprise that they wanted the good taste to leave this royal dish alone rather than partake of it after its freshness had been left on the road, so to speak, yet this does not appear to have been the case, and the unhealthy appetite has come down to the present day as an hereditary curse.

Thank goodness people are beginning to reform at last; it is high time that the stupidity of allowing fresh meat to rot under our very eyes just because our grandfathers could not eat it otherwise were recognised, and the filthy, dangerous custom totally abolished.

It is rather difficult to understand how the taste was acquired for other kinds of game in a diseased state, or why people ever took the trouble to reconcile their stomachs to hares, pheasants, partridges, grouse, and so on, falling to pieces from putridity. Naturally, of course, the flesh is stringy, but if it can only be made tender by the process of transformation known as "hanging," the sooner people can be induced to throw over this abominable and risky practice once and for all the better.

A PAGE MORE PARTICULARLY FOR LADIES.
 JOURNAL will be glad to answer, in this page, questions of
 general interest upon household matters, so far as space
 permits. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES.

Newspapers form a useful item in cleaning knives and forks, silver, tinware, etc.

Luminous Paint for covering match-boxes, etc., may be easily made by mixing a small quantity of calcium sulphide with ordinary white paint. Apply this very evenly with a painter's brush, and it will show white in the darkness.

Tomato Chutnee can be made when the fruit is in any stage of ripeness—green, yellow, or red. Slice two pounds of tomatoes with four large apples. Place them in a stewpan with half a pint of vinegar, two onions stuck with cloves, a small piece of whole ginger bruised, a dozen peppercorns, five chillies, and one small clove of garlic. Let all simmer together until the tomatoes are quite soft, then place the chutnee in perfectly dry bottles, and when cold tie over with a bladder. (Reply to J. OLIVER.)

Courtenay Soup. Boil equal parts of potato and turnip in water, with an onion to each half pound. If possible, add a head of celery to each onion, and stock will make better soup than water. When the vegetables are quite cooked, pass through a hair sieve. Place the soup in a saucepan, and as soon as it boils add a nice lump of butter, or some good beef or veal dripping, and stir well. Chop finely together a tablespoonful of pickled parsley, ditto tarragon vinegar and chervil. Place a few strips of toast in the tureen, pour the soup on them, and serve at once.

Fruit Eating should be encouraged in everybody as far as their means will allow. There is really no more wholesome fruit than the orange, and, as it is so inexpensive, it is within the reach of all. Fruits of every kind are healthy foods, and, as they contain a large quantity of water, people who eat freely of them are seldom troubled with thirst. Most valuable vegetable salts and acids are contained in fruit, which clear the blood of impurities, keep off rheumatism, gout, and premature old age. Everybody who wishes to live well, and can afford to do so, should eat from four ounces to half a pound of fruit daily. There is no doubt that people who feed largely on vegetables live to a good old age, suffer less from disease, and are generally in a happier state than those who feed chiefly on meat.

Rabbit Skins prepared thus make an excellent rug, and if the natural colour is objected to they may be dyed a deep brown or black. Directly the skin is taken off slit it open from head to tail, and stretch it out flat on a board, securing it with a few tin-tacks to keep it in shape. Dissolve one good teaspoonful of salt, ditto alum, in about a wineglassful of water. Moistens the skin well. When dry again apply a fresh solution of salt and alum. Repeat this process three or four times. When the skin is dry for the last time, remove the tacks, and work the skin well into the hands to soften it. When you have done several skins, and you wish to sew them together, cut the skin with a knife at the back, so that the edges be straight. The skins may be then sewn together, lined with canvas, then with serge or felt as desired. Squirrels' skins may be preserved in a similar way, and the tails will need care, as they should appear on the rug. (Reply to Oxon.)

On Scouring Boards. The whitest boards are those which are always washed in cold water, without soda, but with plenty of soap. It is well to know how to remove unsightly marks and stains from otherwise spotlessly white floors, so I will here tell my readers how these may be removed. Where there is a grease-mark, mix pipeclay and water into a very thick paste and spread over the part that is stained. This method is successful, I see, in foreign hotels. Another method is to cover the spot with dry fuller's earth, or if this does not succeed a mixture may be made of five parts of fuller's earth to one part of pearlash, ditto soft soap, adding enough boiling water to form a stiff paste. Lay this on quite hot, and leave till dry, and then scour with soap and water. To keep the boards free from insects the following is a good mixture:—Four ounces of lime and three-quarters of a pound of sand to half a pound of soft soap. Lay this on the boards and scrub it in well, then wash it off thoroughly, and dry well with a house-flannel. When ink is spilt on boards it may be removed by the application of spirits of ether, or salt in strong muriatic acid, with a thorough washing afterwards to prevent the acid from sinking too deeply into the boards. A lump of rough fuller's earth will be found very useful for scouring; it may be used dry or just wetted with water. I hope these hints will help you in keeping your house nice in spite of your incompetent Colonial servants. (Reply to TORONTO LASS.)

When Making Pickles add a pinch of celery-seed to each pint of vinegar, and boil it with the usual spices.

When Stewing Pears, to every dozen pears
lemon, cut thin, and half the juice, also a small stick of
cinnamon and a little ginger.

Ling Steaks. Take about two pounds of ling, wash and skin it, taking out the fringe bones. When the bones are all taken out cut the fish into thin slices. Pepper and salt the steaks, and let them lie in a heap for an hour. Then flour well, dip into beaten eggs, shake in bread-crumbs, and fry to a good golden colour.

Brightly Painted Toys whether of wood, china, metal, or rubber, should not be given to children until they are old enough to realise that such things should not be put in the mouth. One often hears of cases of poisoning from paint, and nothing is more likely to cause this than continual sucking of a cherished toy.

Test for Sewer Gas. Silver was furnished one of the most reliable means of detecting defective drainage. If this is covered with a black coating of tarnish soon after being cleaned, and again after a second or third cleaning still becomes darkened, one may be sure that there is something wrong with the drainage system of the house, which requires immediate attention.

mediate attention.

Dry Damsons Thus for winter use:—Spread ripe damsons on coarse cloths, twice folded, laid on baking sheets. Then dry the fruit in a cool oven till it resembles fresh prunes. Store these in a dry place, and soak for a few hours in warm water previous to cooking. *Dried Apples.*—Select cooking apples for this, and ensure their being gathered on a dry day. Place the apples in a cool oven for six or seven hours. The night is the best time, and flatten the fruit by degrees as it is soft enough to bear it. (Reply to JACKSONVILLE.)

Fricassee of Rabbits. Prepare two rabbits as for roasting, and cut them into neat joints. Fry these lightly in a stewpan, turning constantly so that they shall not brown at all. Take out each piece directly it is cooked on the outside, and keep it warm. Pour a pint of white stock or milk into the stewpan, season and thicken it, adding, if you have it, some thick slices of lean ham. When the stock has boiled up place the joints of rabbit in it, and simmer slowly for one and a half or two hours. Remove the meat, strain the gravy over, garnish with curled rashers of bacon, and serve.

Spices should be bought whole by every practical housekeeper, then ground, and stored in labelled bottles or tins. The cost of a mill for grinding will soon be paid for with care. To cleanse the mill and take off the aroma of the previous spice used, grind about a tablespoonful of rice or pearl barley. The aroma of orange and lemon peel may be extracted by brandy or pure spirit, and so be always ready for use. Herbs, horse-radish, shallot, and garlic are best steeped in vinegar. First, well bruise the substance, fill a bottle three-parts full of it, and fill up with best vinegar, and cork tightly. In a fortnight the vinegar will taste strongly. Half an ounce of celery-seed, well bruised, added to a gill of pure alcohol, and tightly corked, makes an excellent flavouring for soups. Chillies with a little root ginger may be treated in the same way. Pepper should always be ground just before using, for it so quickly loses its aroma.

Special Prizes in Money are being offered by ISOBEL at the International Food and Cookery Exhibition to be held in Manchester from September 3rd to 22nd. The Competitions are for bread and cake making, and are both for bakers and amateurs, special competitions being reserved for both. The prizes will be awarded by the Exhibition Judging Committee. All readers are invited to compete either in one or other of the classes. Full particulars of the competitions will appear in the next issue of *Home Notes*, which will be the Special Double Autumn Fashion Number.

No pains have been spared to make this number attractive to all. It is profusely illustrated by the best artists.

Six full-page illustrations of Autumn Fashion are given, two of them being by Miss Lillian Young, who is the leader in this special branch of art. Our own Paris Artist has been successful in securing the newest fashions for us, so we can rest assured that in *Home Notes* Autumn Number we have the latest Paris Fashions. The "Babies' Picnic," and the "Babies' Dinner Party" were so much appreciated in the Summer Number that the artist is continuing the series.

A complete story and a large instalment of the serial contribute towards the entertaining part of the number, so you see all tastes are catered for.

To Clean your Meerschaum Pipe place it in cold sweet milk and boil it over a very slow fire.
(Reply to H. D. L. I.)

(Reply to H. D. D. I.)
Destroy Snails in your garden by arranging little heaps of bran, and cover with some broken pieces of flower-pot. Snails always come to bran, and so can be picked up and destroyed.
 (Reply to TOMMY.)

A Honey and Apple Drink is very useful in the nursery, especially when the little ones are feverish from colds. This recipe has been sent me by a friend who has used it many years:—Bake six large apples slowly, without peeling. When perfectly cooked, place the fruit in a jug or jar, pour over it three pints of boiling water, and throw in a little lemon rind or a few cloves. When cold, strain, sweeten to taste with honey, and use.

Rice au Caramel. Butter a mould well, then brown one ounce of lump sugar in a saucepan over a good fire, and pour it into the mould. Wash thoroughly a quarter of a pound of rice, and put it into a saucepan of cold water and when the water boils drain dry. Add a pint of milk to the rice, and simmer for half an hour. Beat up an egg and add to the rice, sweeten and flavour to taste. Pour into the mould, and bake for half an hour in a steady oven. Turn the mould out on to a hot dish, and serve with wine sauce.

The Fly Plague, as you say, is perhaps more annoying during September than any month of the year; besides, if the flies are not killed then they hide away in the crevices for the winter and come out in increased numbers in the spring. This recipe is useful to destroy the ordinary house-fly:—Half a pint of infusion of quassia, two and a half ounces of the coarsest brown sugar, mixed well with one ounce of ground black pepper. Stir these ingredients together, and place them in saucers where the flies congregate; they will eat freely of it, and expire. (Reply to JOHNSTONE.)

Hip Marmalade if carefully prepared, is an excellent preserve. When the hips are ripe gather them from the hedgerows. Wash and dry the fruit, and then boil, allowing one pint of water to every two pounds of fruit. When quite tender, pass the fruit through a fine cloth. To every pound of juice allow one pound of preserving sugar, and boil for at least twenty minutes, with half an ounce of whole ginger to every quart of juice. Remove the ginger, and bottle for use, when the preserve should be a firm jelly. I have recommended this recipe on previous occasions, and it has been highly appreciated. (Rep'd to TULL.)

Lemon Cake. Dry one pound of flour well, and pass it through a hair sieve, mixing with it two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Cream six ounces of castor sugar with the same quantity of butter (or three ounces of butter and two ounces of lard), and add the grated rind of a lemon. Beat up four yolks of eggs with half a pint of milk, and add to the butter and sugar. Gradually add the flour, beating the mixture with a wooden spoon, then the juice of the lemon. Have the whites of eggs well beaten, and add to the cake just before baking. Line two tins with buttered paper, and half fill with this mixture. Bake in a quick oven for forty to eighty minutes. This cake may have more grated lemon rind added, to suit the taste.

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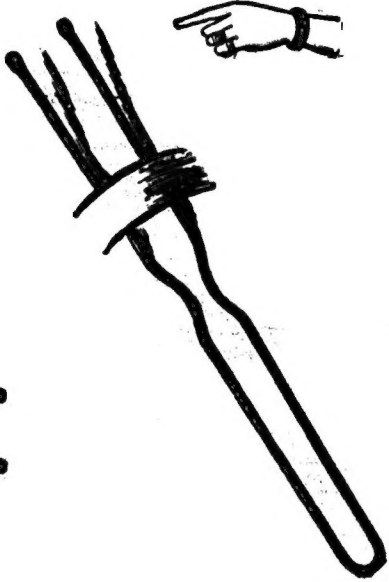
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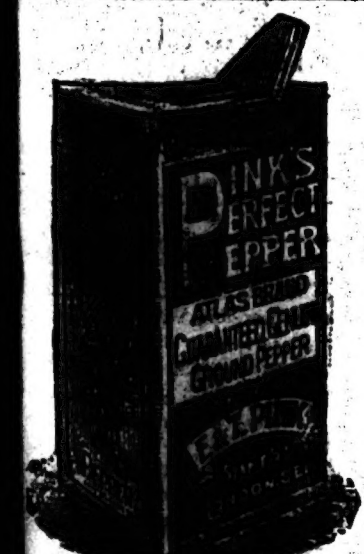
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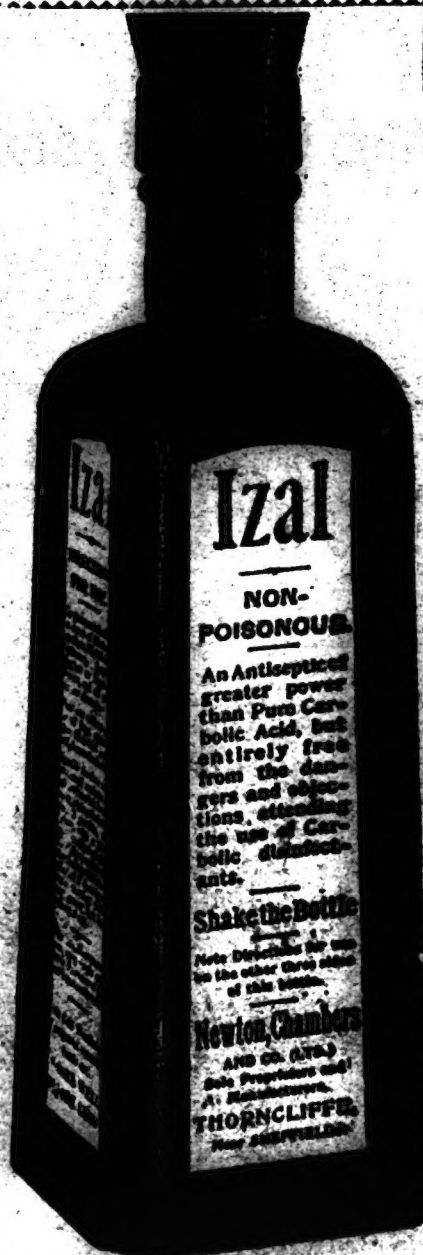
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